GOHA/R

By

Nissh.M

Translated by Sameera Muthukuda

Edited by Emma Marcois

Cover design by Kalana Ganganath

Copyright © 2020 Muthumudalige Nissanka (Nissh.M)

All rights reserved.

Contents

CHAPTER ONE II

Beginning 2
Gusta 3
Dilijan 6
Wheat field 7
Ararat 9
Emily 12
Death and Birth 14
Boisov 19
Winsy 22
Dekordy 27
Mareeta 29
Forgiveness 30
Kim 32
The Revenge 35
Salvation 38
The Statement 40
Gohar 43
Goldfish 49
Fear 52
Unborn Child 54
Meera 58
The Sickness 59
The Revelation 60
A Mystical Force 63
Eva 67
The Ghost 69

The Miracle *72*
The Season of Sickness *75*
Eric *79*
The Basement *82*
Alex Dekordy *84*
Danny *85*
The Image *87*
Christina *90*
Greg *94*
The Fingerprint *97*
The Evidence *101*
The Sin *103*
The Arrest *105*
Polygraph *107*
The Disappearance *111*
The Black Ball *113*
The Bitter Night *116*
The Drawing Book *121*
The Beginning of Gusta *124*

This book is dedicated to
My wife Lusine Serobyan
“Honey”
Who told me the story of real Gor.

Chapter One

Before starting the story I should let you know the manner of my entrance into this extremely chilling and curious story about a child.

One day my wife was lying on the bed, confused and upset after a meeting with one of her best friend. Her pale face haunted me; I decided to ask what was bothering her so much.

She gave me a sharp glance and I knew the story would be a great one.

All my stories so far have been my wife's experiences, so naturally I was keen to hear what she had to say this time around.

She then told me this story you are about to read, 'Gor.'

This story is about the nauseating and curious events surrounding the child of my wife's best friend, Ripsime. These events continue to transpire today.

Whatever else you may see or think, know that this story is based on true events.

B e g i n n i n g

A Clifford prison bus containing six prisoners was travelling along a narrow hillside road in Dilijan. All these six prisoners were terrible offenders awaiting the death sentence. They were to transfer to *Sukaar* prison in Yerevan after a two hour journey.

Sukaar was called ‘the prison of death’.

All the death row attendants outside Yerevan were transferred to Sukaar at the end. After a week they were to be hanged.

A transfer to *sukaar* meant certain death; that terrified the prisoners. Even the most terrible offenders spent their final days in sukaar full of regret.

Some of them were rusting in their clothes just before falling at the neck.

No matter how fierce, devils were tamed here. Even those the Devil himself couldn’t tame sat in tears, praying to God to rescue them from a grisly end. That was the brutality of sukaar.

G u s t a

As said, the highly secured Clifford prison bus was travelling the Dilijan hill road, surrounded by wheat fields and gut roads. Dilijan was no different. This boggy and stooped road was full of owlish darkness with bare moonlight here and there.

Benjra Gustavew, alias '*Gusta*,' had a solid blond beard all over his face and a Russian 'Masto' gang tattoo on his right arm. He was operating the Masto gang from Armenia was responsible for 17 murders.

All the prisoner's hands and feet were bound with iron chains, which kept one prisoner tied to another; nobody could even move without each other's permission. Gusta's green eyes were covered with his bushy blond eyebrows.

After inspecting the white wheat field through the dark glass of the bus he looked at Helen sitting in front of him.

Helena Ivanova, born in Moldova, was called Helen by everyone. She had a dark history.

"You should know her story first of all, because you will be surprised to hear of a woman on a male prison bus."

She was a eunuch, born in a small village called Bender in Moldova. Helen's birth name was Grigor Barthasar. From an early age he had feminine qualities and by the time he was a teen, his breasts were bigger than the others. He decided to make extra income and fell into prostitution. In time he changed his name to Helena Ivanova and was popular as Helen.

She had two small black dragon tattoos above her eyes instead of

eyebrows. She looked up at Gusta and smiled, revealing copper-plated teeth. Gusta started to hum a song slowly to suppress the sound of the chains in Helen's hands.

In this prison bus were six offenders and they were seated three in a row face to face. There was a police officer at the end of each row and two more in the front and driver's seat.

Gusta's humming stopped after a while. He noticed that Helen's hands were slowly moving and Musa, who was sitting next to her, was slowly leaning towards her.

Gusta looked at Musa. He was an Iranian refugee. He was bearded and bold in the front. Musa looked back at Gusta to hint that everything was ready. Gusta knew that Helen and Musa had released their hands from chains. He closed his eyes for a few seconds before executing the final part of his plan.

The death should be informed to the killer. If this failed he would die in one shot. Gusta closed his eyes and measured the bends in Dilijan road. Helen and Musa were ready to face the next few minutes, however full.

As the bus took the next bend, Gusta leapt up and jumped into the police officer next to him. He snatched the gun from the officer and shot the other officer in the front row. He fell into the ground as the bullet ripped open his neck. Then Gusta hit the officer next to him with the handle of the gun and dropped him down. This all happened in the blink of an eye.

Helen crawled to grabbed the gun on the floor and fired to the front area; within seconds there was a fierce shooting on the bus. The bulbs on the bus were all shattered. There was nothing but the sounds of gunshots, the flashes of light from the bullets, and the screams of the other inmates.

The driver was shot, leaving the bus to topple at once and stop on the wheat field beside after spinning out of control. There was a fire in the front area, filling the bus with smoke.

Gusta crawled out of the upside-down bus with the gun on his hand, his feet still chained so the next prisoner fell down with him. He'd been shot, was gasping. He looked up to Gusta and shook his mouth as if to beg for life. *"But escaping while carrying a gasping person was not a part of Gusta's plan."* Gusta turned the gun and shot the gasping prisoner. Then he shot the chain on his feet and released himself and went to the front of the bus. The firing soon subsided, leaving every officer dead.

The fire spread to the whole bus, Gusta knew it was about to explode. He went back in and dragged Helen out. Musa was crawling out too, shot in the leg. There was another prisoner after Musa and he too was shot. One of his ears was gone and he was bleeding in his face and neck.

He was a villain from Gyumri called 'Zhora' and he was huge in size. He came out tapped on Gusta's shoulder.

The bus blew up, engulfed in flames. In a moment a loud blast erupted releasing flame into the dark sky and then there was silence again.

Gusta looked over the wheat field. In no time people would gather to see what happened, and he wanted to be far, far away when they came.

Outside the Dilijan boundary was a small village called 'Spitak' surrounded by mountains. If they could reach Spitak by dawn they could reach a safer place from there. Everyone started to run, Gusta and Helen carrying Musa with them. Zhora was covering his bloody ear with his hand.

D i l i j a n

“Gor.”

“No… Goha”

“Gor,” Emily whispered again

Ararat looked into her eyes and she smiled.

She came closer to him and leaned into his chest. Ararat kissed her head softly. She looked at the moon through the window and said “If it's a girl, it's Goha, if it’s a boy then … Gor.”

“Hmmm… Remember the book I gave you before our wedding?” asked Ararat.

It had been about four years since Ararat and Emily were married. He gave her a small book as a birthday gift to her while they were dating, written for the baby to be born to them.
How could Emily forget that? That was the most beautiful time of her life. The memory brought a smile to her.

“You had written it to a daughter.”

“Hmmm, to Goha,” Ararat whispered.

“But I want a son. I know that we are having a son,” she said with a laugh.

Ararat smiled and kissed her. She fell into his embrace.

Ararat softly touched her belly. Girl or boy, he wished the baby to be healthy. Ararat was over the moon when Emily broke the news of pregnancy a week ago. The feeling was still tingling in his heart.

“If it's a girl it's Goha, if not, Gor,” Emily said again.

“Okay.”

W h e a t f i e l d

Five prisoners were running through the wheat field. It was about six feet high. They had run over than 3 kilometers already. Gusta had a clear knowledge of the Dilijan boundary; his last trump was Spitak and it was over the mountains in the vicinity. They had just a few more kilometers to run.

Gusta stopped. He pushed Musa, whom he’d been carrying so far, to the ground and aimed the gun at him. Then there was a gun shot. But right away Helen kicked the gun and Gusta dropped the gun to the wheat field as the sound was still echoing.

“You can’t, Gusta. He is one of us. We all escaped, not just you,” Helen said, aiming her gun at Gusta.
“Police dogs will be here soon. They will sniff the blood, and just look at how much blood he is losing. Our trail is very clear. Even if we go beyond the mountains, they will easily find us through the blood trails. Gusta kicked Musa’s injured leg.

Zhor removed his shirt and tied Musa’s wound tightly. Then he looked at Gusta and said “Look, Gusta he came with us. He should go with us. The bleeding will stop soon.”

Gusta looked at Helen and picked his gun up again. Musa was terrified and anxious to know his next move. But then, Gusta kept the gun on his shoulder and looked at the never- ending darkness.
“If we continue like this, we will be able to reach Spitak in about two hours.” He started moving forward through the field.

Musa leaned into Helen’s hand and got up, determined to go the rest of the journey. He should do that. His only other option was a shot to the head, courtesy of Gusta. In times like this the weaker person was sure to be defeated. He stood again to save himself from an impending death.

After moving forward about half an hour in the wheat field the ground started to get softer, and they reached a mire.

“Be careful. You might sink in the mud!” shouted Zhora. There was still darkness everywhere.

The mud was shining in the moonlight. After the mire they reached flat ground.

“There is a light!” Zhora shouted.

“That’s a house,” added Helen. Gusta was looking at the light, smiling.

Everyone started running toward the light. This house was located amongst a single wheat field. The place was ideal for a short rest. They came down to the plain where the house was located and looked around keenly. Normally, there were hunting dogs on farms like this. They had to be careful, as the dogs tended to be evil. But there was no sign of danger. Gusta walked closer to the house and looked at the garage beside. Then he signaled others to follow him and started walking towards it.

Everything was peacefully silent. The garage was made of wood. The main entrance to the garage was locked with an iron bar.

Gusta smashed the iron bar with the gun handle until it fell off. Then he opened the door. What was inside made his eyes glow. It was a tractor.

“Thank you God for your mercy,” Musa shouted happily, limping towards the tractor.

“We can go to the other side of the mountain if we use this in half an hour” Zhora said to Gusta. Then he walked in and lit the torch. Their eyes glistened in the sudden bright light after walking through the darkness for so long. The wheat transporting ‘Lada’ tractor was shining in front of their eyes. The body was made of Aluminum; therefore the torch light made the tractor glow.

A r a r a t

A noise from the farm woke Ararat. He felt something was going on and he looked at Emily sleeping peacefully beside him. He didn’t want to wake her up. Her sleeping position with the mouth slightly open made him laugh.

“Silly girl,” he whispered to himself.

He leaned down and kissed Emily softly on the lips and got up to go to check out the garage. He looked at the farm before switching on the lights and was surprised to see the lights on in the garage. He was certain that he switched off the lights in the garage before returning. This could only mean there was someone in there. He slowly went to the front door, grabbed the gun and made sure it was loaded.

Gusta was standing near the window and was looking at the house

while Zhora and Musa tried to start the tractor. He felt something was wrong. If he was right he would be able to clearly see the shadow he saw in a minute. He sniffed the darkness and saw that someone was coming towards the garage. His eyes opened widely.

“Shhhhhhh…” he warned others to be still and leaned to the window. Then he kept the gun down very slowly.
“ You go back with Zhora,” he ordered Helen.

Musa slipped down from the tractor and picked up a big iron bar. Gusta stepped forward as Ararat approached the garage.

“Who are you? What do you want?” asked Ararat, aiming the gun.

“Mister, we are done. We were just leaving,” Gusta said, stepping out.

“What did you do? Come out or I’ll shoot!” shouted Ararat.

Gusta looked back at Musa and signaled him to come out. Musa started to walk out of the garage slowly.

“Drop it!” Ararat screamed, looking at the iron bar.

Musa dropped the bar slowly. Gusta started to walk towards the armed man with his arms in the air.

“We won’t hurt you. Please let us go,” Gusta whispered.

“Stop! Don’t come any closer. On your knees. Now!” Ararat shouted.

Gusta stopped. His sharp eyes were directly aimed at Ararat. Then there was an evil smile on his lips. At that very second a bullet flew from the back of the garage and hit Ararat on the back, toppling him to the ground.

Helen and Zhora appeared from the darkness. Helen's face was filled with a satisfactory smile. Zhora walked and kicked the lifeless man and picked up his gun.

“Turkish treasure,” he smiled looking at Gusta and the gun.

“Your aim was great- even in the darkness.” Gusta walked up to Helen and tapped on her shoulder.

“You are superb. That’s why I like you,” he added, and hugged her.

The gunshot woke Emily from the deep sleep. She lit the lamp on the side table and looked for Ararat. He was not in bed. Her heart beat faster knowing that she heard a gunshot. Ararat shouldn’t have been outside. There was no reason to fire a gun at this hour. She grabbed the torch with the shivering hands and stepped outside.

“Araraaa….t!” she called out.

Gusta heard Emily’s voice and stopped. “Switch it off,” he whispered to Zhora, He ran to the garage and switched off the light and there was darkness all over again.

Emily saw the light going off. Ararat must have been in the garage. Since the light went off he must be coming back now. She slowly stepped forward aiming the torch at the garage.

“Helen, my girl, can you see that?” Gusta whispered in Helen’s ear looking at the torchlight in the distance.

“Hmmm,” she whispered back.

Gusta wrapped his arm around Helen’s waist and lifted the gun in her hand.

“Take the target and finish it in one shot.” He looked at the end of the gun and the torchlight in the distance and said ……
“Now.”
Helen cocked the gun. The torchlight fell to the ground with a loud bang.

Gusta grabbed Helen’s waist with both hands and lifted her to the air. Helen dropped the gun and reached to his face and locked lips with him.

“My girl, you did a great job,” Gusta whispered, kissing her passionately.

The light of the torch soon began to blur with the blood flowing from Emily’s chest. She lay gasping in a pool of blood.

Emily

Emily opened her eyes slowly. Not being able to bear the bright light at once she closed her eyes again for a while. The beeping of a nearby machine started to get louder and clearer so she opened her eyes again and looked around.

The nurse saw that Emily was awake, She walked up to her.

“Mrs. Emily,” she said softly.

Emily grabbed her hand and tried to sit on the bed. But the pain in her chest was unbearable.

“Don’t rush, the wound is still there.”

“The wound...” Emily tried to recall everything that had happened but nothing was clear. She grabbed her head, fell back to the bed.

“Ararat,” she looked around, confused.

All she could remember was the night and the darkness and some shadows.

“Where is my husband? Where is Ararat?” She cried but the nurse was silent.

Then she remembered her child. She kept her hand on the belly,
“My child. Where is my baby? My baby!” she screamed, grabbing the nurse’s hand.

“Mrs. Emily. Please calm down. Calm down”

“Where is my baby? What happened to my baby” she asked, tears pouring down her cheeks.

“Mrs. Emily, you were shot. Your baby was gone by the time you were brought to the hospital. It’s been a week now. You just woke up.” Tears ran down her face. The nurse fixed the saline tube in her hand. Emily had to know something.

“Ararat?” She gave the nurse an empty look.

“I’m sorry Mrs. Emily; we couldn’t save your husband.”
Emily’s hands were cold. She got a chill all over her body.

“You must rest. Everything will be alright. Try to get some rest.” The nurse helped Emily back to the pillow and ran her fingers through her hair. Then she inserted the injection into the tube attached to her hand.

Emily’s eyes were heavy. She closed her eyes and fell into a deep

sleep.

Death and Birth

A few weeks went by. Emily came to her mother's house in Yerevan; she had nothing left in Dilijan. After Ararat's funeral on the farm she couldn't stay there any longer. Ararat's death and her miscarriage haunted her in that house. She came to her mother's house on Arzumanyan street in Yerevan to be away from the haunted memories.

Emily didn't want to start a new life. She wanted to spend the rest of her life with memories of Ararat and the unborn baby. What an unpredictable life!

In a matter of a second all hopes and wishes can fade away. This is agony. A trembling shock.
"But if this is life, we should live with it," Emily thought. She had to live somehow. Emily's mother had bought this house in Arzumanyan street after her husband left them when Emily was younger.

Emily's life was hopeless. She spent most of her time in her bedroom. Or else went to the Halabyan park down the street to lose herself in her thoughts sitting alone.

When time was passing like this, another unexpected and abnormal thing happened.
Even Emily was shot and lost the baby,…..
She started to feel something unusual in her stomach. The wound in the chest was fully healed, so it couldn't be making the uneasy feeling in her stomach. Then what was this? She couldn't describe the feeling but she knew something was living inside her. She

wanted to confirm her feeling, so Emily went to hospital after a week.

“Mrs. Emily, did they say you had a miscarriage?” Asked the doctor after a scan.

“Yes.”

“But there is a healthy baby growing in your stomach.”

“Wha...t?” Her eyes opened wide, her heart started to race. She was in tears.

“Mrs. Emily, I think you were having twins. Even if one was gone the other one is still there. And the baby is healthy. Look at this,” the doctor handed the scanned image to her.

She couldn’t hide her feelings anymore. Emily started to cry.

“My dear God...” she couldn’t say anything else as she was stunned with happiness and excitement.

Eight
Years Later

“Gor, where are you my son? Gor?”

Emily came out of the house and looked around. But she couldn’t find Gor in the garden. Her heart started to race. Gor was not in the house, either. She ran to the wooden gate, open halfway. There was a footpath beside the gate. People were walking up and down all the time but Emily was terrified because sometimes vehicles were running in the road. She ran outside and looked up the road.

Gor was sitting on the grass in the footpath.

“What are you doing Gor?” She screamed--but no response.

So she went closer. He was going back and forth to the footpath picking snails and collecting them on the grass.

“What are you doing Gor?” She repeated. Emily couldn’t understand what made little Gor collect snails from the road to the side.

“Don’t you see it mum? When snails go to the road people step on them and they die,” he pointed to a crushed snail on the road. In the summer, snails from the nearby small forest crawled to the grass passing the road long for a wetland.

A number of those migrating snails were already dead on the road. Emily looked at Gor. Even at a young age his heart was full of kindness. She felt relieved.

“Let me help you son.” She then started collecting snails from the road and led them to the grass.

Little Gor was kind and had a very pleasant appearance. He was the best looking boy on Arzumanyan street. Even though he was shorter than the same age as the boys, he had a very calm personality. He had a wide forehead and bright eyes. They were a mix of green and blue in color. But the most attractive part was his

golden hair. He was well disciplined and his shy smile made him look splendorous.

As Gor was eight years old, he was supposed to enter primary school from kindergarten. Emily thought of admitting him to ‘Boisov’ college on Arzumanyan street. Boisov was located 100 meters away from the house so it was very easy for Emily.

She discussed it with the principal and made the necessary arrangements for admission. Gor was very excited. He started to ask questions about the school from his mother while watching the students walking pass from the balcony.

“You can start going to Boisov college very soon,” said Emily.

From then on Gor started dreaming about going to school. He was restless until the first day. He dreamed of making lots of friends in school. On the other hand, Boisov was a well-recognized college. The number of students was massive compared to the kindergarten.

“Mom, is Meera coming too?” He asked one day.

Meera was a neighbour girl on the same street. She was the same age as Gor. He’d made friends with her at the nearby ‘Tumo’ park. From then on they were the best of friends.

Knowing that Meera would be attending the same school made Gor the happiest. He would be able to play with Meera and the new friends.

Boisov

Finally, the wait was over. Emily had arranged this day for Gor to start school after meeting with the Principal, Mr. Eric.

Gor started getting ready on the previous day. Emily had bought him a brand new school bag and it was very pretty. The boy was excited to leave behind the old bag he'd been using for years in kindergarten. He put all the new books in it and waited impatiently to go to school.

Next day, Emily didn't have to wake Gor up, because he was up before her. Seeing his interest for the school filled his mother's heart with happiness.

It is important to know the schedule of Emily's mother 'Mareta' on this special day. She was 65 years old and was weak for her age. She was very thin. Her back was crooked from the neck.

She decided to go to the church in the morning. Usually she went to church on Sunday morning but on this week day, she decided to go to church for Gor. The church was located close to the house. She walked up to the church and prayed for Gor. She bought candles and lit them on the altar for Gor, starting school.

Emily dressed Gor and took him to school. Boisov was a very large school. It was originally a cement factory made in the old Soviet times. It was abandoned after the fall of the Soviet Union and turned into Boisov college. Initially, it was just a primary college, and with the rising population in Arzumanyan it was opened as a college for children of all ages.

Emily stopped near the main entrance of the primary class. At that time there were about 20 students already and all of them were the same age as Gor. Emily peeked into the class, made sure that the teacher was not in yet so she decided to wait for her. Gor started to check out other students. They were all dressed in vibrant costumes.

One girl in the class noticed Gor standing near the door and came running to him. Gor's eyes widened as soon as he saw her.

"Meera..." Gor said.

"Are you coming to my class as well?" Asked the girl.

"Yes." answered Gor.
She smiled. Her front teeth were all broken, which brought a sense of humor to her face.

Emily looked at a person walking in the distance. A lady in her mid-forties was walking towards the class. According to her appearance Emily guessed it should be the class teacher and turned to Meera " Darling, the teacher is coming. You'd better go back to the class."
Meera looked at the teacher and ran to the class at a fast pace.

Teacher came through the corridor and stopped near Emily. Then she looked at Gor "This should be our new student."
Gor smiled at her.

"What is your name son ?"

"Gor."

"Hi, Gor. I'm Ms. Ruzana. When I call your name you have to come into the class okay?"

“Okay,” Gor nodded.

Ms. Ruzana went into the class and said “Good morning.”
All the students responded “Good morning.”

“So children, today a new friend is joining us,” then she turned to Gor and said “come in.”
Gor stepped to the teacher.

“This is Gor.” she introduced him to the class and accompanied him to a desk in the middle of the class.
“So this is your desk. You have to sit at this desk every day, alright?” she asked, patting his head.

“Okay.” Gor nodded again.

The teacher returned to her table and saw Emily still standing near the door and informed her that she could leave now. Emily looked at Gor and made a pout of her lips to sign a kiss for him. He smiled back.

It is very difficult for every mother to leave her child, even for a few hours at school in the beginning. But Emily made up her mind for that. Every mother understands on this day that no child can be kept in her embrace forever. Emily’s eyes were wet but she made up her mind and looked at Gor one more time. Then she turned back.

When Emily was returning she was surprised to see both the gate and the door wide open. She started to worry. After Ararat’s death she was easily scared. When she saw something out of the ordinary like this, she got terrified. If her mother had returned, the door should have been closed. Emily ran to the house.

Mother had collapsed on the living room floor. Emily ran to her and picked her to her lap. Luckily she was still breathing. Probably

she had fainted. Emily made her mother lay on a chair and tapped on her cheek. Mareeta opened her eyes with great effort.

“What happened to you mom?”

“I don’t know darling. Maybe my blood pressure got high from walking,” she groaned.

W i n s y

Boisov college was very close to nature. The college was surrounded by reed trees and art subjects like music were taught outside under the shade of these trees. That made children more interested in the subject. The music teacher accompanied all the children in the class to the ‘small waterfall,’ a tiny stream that flowed from about three feet.

This place was much colder because of the stream. Children loved to sit here and study in the summer because of the tranquility of the environment. There was a place arranged after cutting a pine tree -- a small pine tree about 3 feet high cut in the vicinity was arranged for a class, keeping small chairs around it. The teacher sat on the trunk of the pine tree and looked at the children sitting around her. Everyone was there for the lesson.

The naughtiest and the most troublesome child never leaves a teacher’s mind. Teachers often sense the absence of them.

“Where is Winsy?” She asked at once.

Some students looked at each other and some didn't even care after hearing the name 'Winsy.'
"He must be in the class," one said. The teacher gave a sharp glance to the whole class.

"Can someone go back to the class and call him?" But nobody moved.

Then Gor got up from the chair.

"Aren't you the newcomer? Do you remember where the class is?"

"Yes Ms. Ruzana," said Gor.

None of the students moved, not because they were disobedient to the teacher, but because they disliked Winsy.
There were about twenty children in the class and more than half of them had been beaten up by Winsy. Others were afraid of him too. Winsy was the naughtiest in the class and sometimes he was brutal.
Sometimes he killed flies and put them in children's lunch boxes. Sometimes he waited on the road and beat colleagues. Or else he hit them in the face with the duster. He did more inhuman things too.

Therefore he was considered a villain. Everybody believed that he couldn't be changed. Even though he had been punished numerous times by teachers for his silly behavior he didn't really take those into account. Even though he got punishments every day, he repeated the same fault the next day. He was popular as 'police Winsy' in the school. His father was the head of police in 'Ajapnyak' and most of the teachers were very close to him. Because of this connection some teachers never punished Winsy, no matter how badly he behaved. On the other hand, the principal was never brave enough to expel him from school. Since Winsy knew this he took the maximum advantage out of it.

Gor walked through the corridor and entered the classroom slowly. Gor had a very sharp memory. Even if it was his first day he clearly remembered where the classroom was. As soon as he entered the class he noticed that Winsy was eating a bun taken from a lunch box greedily.
At once, Winsy saw Gor standing and put the lunch box back in the bag. Gor was sure that Winsy had been sitting somewhere else in the morning; he looked at the bag carefully. He recognised it as Meera's bag in no time.

"Why are you eating Meera's snack?" Gor shouted. Winsy pushed him to the wall and ran off.
Gor followed him, but Winsy knew exactly where to go. He ran to the little waterfall and sat silently on an empty chair.

"Look how you come and sit like a thief. Where were you? Where is that new boy?" The teacher asked.

Winsy was dead silent and looking down. In a while Gor came back. His pants were dirty from falling. He silently came and sat on his chair. Since all the students were silently listening to the teacher, Gor decided to keep quiet. He looked at Meera. She was sitting calmly, completely unaware.

After the music lesson, all the students returned to the class. Gor sat on his chair and looked at Meera. He wanted to tell her the incident. Meera looked at her bag and noticed that someone had opened it. She put her hand into the bag. There was a half-eaten bun inside. Someone must have eaten the bun she brought and put it back to the bag. Realizing this, she started to cry loudly. Everyone was startled by the loud scream and gathered to see what happened. In a while, her teacher came to Meera.

"Miss, someone has eaten my lunch," Meera complained, showing the half eaten bun.

Ms. Ruzana ordered all the students to return to their seats and

asked Meera to the front.

“Now tell me, who ate this girl’s lunch?” Everyone was silent.

Gor looked back at Winsy, who kept his finger across his lips and signaled him to be quiet. Gor looked at Meera. He was upset, Meera was crying because of Winsy’s act. Suddenly Gor raised his hand. Everyone looked at him.

“Gor, do you know who did this?” Asked the teacher.

“Yes.”

“Who was it?”

“Winsy. I saw him eating Meera’s food” Gor pointed at Winsy and explained.

Ms. Ruzana went over to Winsy in a fit of rage. Winsy was stunned and silent. He was staring at Gor. She grabbed Winsy by the ear and took him to the front of the class. As she was dragging him to the front he turned and looked at Gor. Winsy’s eyes were burning with hatred.

“All of the students must know this. From today onwards, these kinds of acts will not be tolerated in this class. Let’s go to the principal.”

All the students were standing silently. The teacher was visibly annoyed. “Principal will punish Winsy for this indecent act,” the class thought. Ms. Ruzana dragged Winsy off to the principal.

There was no news of Winsy until the end of the day. At the interval, Gor opened his lunch box and gave some toast to Meera. He couldn’t let Meera go hungry just because of what Winsy had

done. Gor had a very soft heart; he didn't mean to punish Winsy, but what he had done to Meera was unacceptable. He deserved to be punished.

"Good for Winsy. He is very rude. Every day he does something evil to someone," Meera said, biting the toast.

"But I pity him," said Gor.

"Don't. He deserves that." Meera had short black hair, that she was always wiping from her forehead while she talked.

"You're new, it's your first day. You have no idea how rude and stupid that boy is," smiled Meera.

Winsy kneeled in the principal's office for hours. He got up as he heard the bell to end the primary section for the day. But the echo of a far off sound made him kneel back down again.

"Where are you going? Keep kneeling," the principal shouted from his office.

"Your father will be here soon. Once I talk to him you can go," he added.

Winsy realized that there was no escape from the principal today. His knees were killing him. He felt as if his skin was coming off and starting to bleed. His father would be here soon. Then the principal would tell that Winsy stole Meera's food... Winsy could only imagine the beating waiting for him at home; his face turned red.

His whole head was filled with one name: Gor. Winsy decided to teach him a good lesson that would never be forgotten. His heart was burning with rage, and Winsy decided to take his revenge. "*It*

should be terrible, worse than any other student had ever experienced before."

D e k o r d y

Winsy's father, Alex Dekordy, was the chief police officer of the Ajapnyak district, of which Arzumanyan was a part. Dekordy hated Winsy, since Winsy's mother had died during childbirth.

Dekordy didn't even look at the boy the first few years after his birth. Winsy was a devil in his world. He referred to Winsy as a devil born killing the women he loved most. He tried to drown Winsy at one week old, to take revenge for his wife's death. He even named him 'little devil.' Dekordy's mother, concerned about the boy's safety, sent him to an orphanage. Winsy spent three years in a Catholic orphanage.

With time, Dekordy's heart softened. His hatred toward the boy faded, and by the time Winsy was four, Dekordy took him home from the orphanage. But he never loved the boy like a father does. However, he couldn't let the boy grow up an orphan. After all, that was his own flesh and blood.

But even a nominal guardian is responsible for the child's welfare. He came to school in his official car as soon as he got the call.

When Dekordy walked into the principal's office, Winsy was kneeling down in front of the office. He walked directly in without so much as a glance.

Boisov principal, Mr. Eric, and Dekordy knew each other very well. Winsy watched as they shook hands and then the principal explained what happened, looking at Winsy. They shook hands

again and Winsy's father came out.

He shouted "Come on," without even looking at the boy. Winsy followed him and got into the police car. Dekordy started to drive fast. He didn't say a word. Winsy was terrified, but he finally broke the silence.

"Dekordy..."

Winsy never called his father "dad". Dekordy had ordered him to call him by name. So they never called each other 'father' or 'son'.

Even though Dekordy knew that Winsy was trying to communicate he didn't say anything. He just drove the car as fast as he could towards home.When they got home, Dekordy grabbed the boy by the hand and dragged him to his room upstairs. Then he pushed him onto the bed. Winsy was laying face down, knowing what was to happen next. Dekordy turned him to the other side and pulled his legs to the floor. Then he removed his strong leather belt and Winsy covered his eyes with both hands. Dekordy's belt streaked boy's buttocks nonstop and Winsy was screaming at the top of his lungs with every hit. But Dekordy didn't stop. The boy's screams echoed throughout the whole upper floor.

M a r e e t a

Gor sensed something was wrong when he returned home that day. He had this wonderful but mysterious sense from long before. He knew, from instinct, that his grandmother was sick even before he came inside the house. He went straight to her bedroom.

He was right; Emily was feeding soup to Mareeta. Emily was sitting on the side of her mother's bed; as soon as she saw Gor she called him closer.

"Is grandma sick?" asked Gor.

Mareeta opened her eyes with great effort and pulled Gor closer.

"Grandma is very old now, she is sick" she said.

"Are you going to die?" Gor asked, hugging his grandma. He stroked her hair.

Emily had tears in her eyes.

"What will you do if I die?" Mareeta made her eyes smaller and asked.

"I will save you," Gor asserted.

Forgiveness

Gor revealed what he did to Winsy at school later that night. It was deeply rooted in his heart, even if Meera didn't care much. He had a very sensitive heart. Any thought in it could cause pain.

"When you go back, you apologize to Winsy" said Emily. "What he did was wrong, son. But if you don't apologize, he will have a bad feeling in his heart forever."

His eyes were shining. The night was silent and mild. But Emily was afraid of something very deep in her heart. She couldn't name her fear. It should be due to mother's sickness. Emily felt the uncertain fear that her mother would die. After Ararat's death, she was all alone. There was no one for her. Mother was all she had. If she died, then Emily and Gor would be left alone. She looked at the dark sky from the opened window and sighed.

Gor went to school the next day, but Winsy was absent. This only added to the indescribable pain in his heart. All morning Gor turned back and looked at Winsy's desk. All the other students were present; only his desk was abandoned. When returning home after school, Gor looked one more time at Winsy's desk.

Everything went very smoothly that day. After school Gor and Meera walked home hand in hand.

The next day Gor could see Winsy talking to a few students in a corner of the classroom as he entered the class. As Gor entered, they stopped their discussion and looked at him. Winsy's face had turned red. He was looking at Gor with rage in his eyes. Gor sat on his chair and thought about apologizing to Winsy, as his mother advised. But this was not the best time for that. Gor decided to talk to Winsy when they were alone.

In the afternoon, when the interval began, everyone went to the canteen. Gor sat with Meera and shared the toast he brought from home. Winsy was seated on the long bench beside them, alone. Gor put his toast back in the box and got up.

“Where are you going?” asked Meera.

“To Winsy. Mum said I’d better apologize to him.”

Meera looked at Winsy. He was looking at the entrance. The door opened and two boys entered the canteen with another girl.

Meera held Gor’s hand and stopped him.

“Don’t go now, those are his friends,” Meera said, showing the three to the boy.

Gor looked at them. The boy in the front looked about thirteen years old and five feet tall. He had long back hair and a very chubby face. But he also had small, thin eyes, giving him a very funny-looking face.The other boy was about twelve years old and had very short blond hair. One of his hands was bandaged from the elbow down.The girl with them was the same age; she was wearing a short skirt and long winter boots. She had dark black hair, and she was wearing a black choker around her neck.

All the students in the canteen went silent as they entered. Some started whispering to each other. The three came to Winsy’s table and stood around him. Winsy explained something to them; even though Gor and Meera had no idea what they were saying, they knew it had to be about Gor, because the three turned and looked at Gor at the same time.

“They are talking about you, Gor. They are going to do something to you. We should tell the teacher,” Meera whispered.

“What do you mean?” Gor questioned.

“I don’t know; those three are the worst students in the senior class. Worse than Winsy. They are called ‘the four devils.’ They’re

evil and wicked, and they have formed a gang called the Gang of Four. Now they are trying to hurt you. Look! They are talking about you." Gor looked at them. All their eyes were aimed at him.

"That big guy," Meera bent a little and started to whisper. "His name is Danny. Everyone calls him 'Japanese face.' And that blond boy is Greg. Even though he's small, he is very evil. And that girl Kim, oh! She is the worst."

Gor looked at Winsy. He couldn't see anything but rage in his eyes.

Meera was right; Winsy hadn't forgotten what happened. He had to be up to something. Gor was not afraid. But he was sad, because Winsy was trying to hurt him with the help of senior students before he even had a chance to apologize. He stood still and looked at Winsy.

Kim

On the next day, a Lada stopped in front of the gate as Gor was walking into the school. There were some boys near the gate, staring at the car. Whoever was about to get out had clearly attracted the boys'attention. Gor also stopped a while and was looking at the car. The back door opened, a small girl wearing a very short skirt got down from the car. Her hair was tied on the top of her head and she was wearing winter boots. This was the girl in Winsy's gang, Gor recognized her immediately.

The girl got down, waved at a lady in the car, and then closed the door. As she walked into the school, all the boys followed her. So Gor stepped toward his class.

Kim was recognized as the most fashionable girl at Boisov. Her mother was a very powerful character in the Arzumanyan area

because she owned most of the nightclubs in the city. Her name was Rozlin Haruthyan, but some called her the Harlot of Arzumanyan. It was widely known that she was a prostitute in Arzumanyan before starting the nightclub business. Most of her clients were powerful leaders in the area; therefore she was considered one of them.

After one year attending the school, Kim started rubbing shoulders with the richest boys in Boisov. She preferred the boys' company to the girls'. Winsy became one of her best friends like this. The other girls at the school were jealous, and nobody really liked her. But everyone was careful to keep this knowledge from her. They called her Little Harlot behind her back.

There was no limit to the evil things Kim had done with Winsy and the gang. A few months earlier they broke a new student's leg and made him hate the school. This was how they earned the nickname the "Four Devils."

Winsy had planned his revenge against Gor. Kim had to play a role in it as well.

On that day Gor was watching children play from the third floor balcony during the interval. Most of the buildings in Boisov were three-story buildings but there was one five-story building too. The ground floor was reserved for primary students in these three-story buildings, and the third floor was for senior students. Gor spent the interval on the third-floor balcony most of the time. The whole school ground was visible from the balcony, and many girls and boys were playing on the ground outside. Reed trees were planted around the grounds with the same gap of a few feet. They had grown three stories tall by this time.

Gor's eyes stopped near a reed tree while looking at the ground. He sensed that he was being watched by someone. He looked around to find Kim. Gor could recognize her even in the mild darkness under the tree because of her boots and the fashionable

clothes. She was looking at him. Kim smiled and Gor smiled back.

Gor looked away for a quick second, and when he looked back she was gone. After a few minutes he looked back and Kim was standing right behind him.

“Shall we play a game?” Kim asked--to his surprise.

Only then he noticed her eyes. They were light blue like the sky. For a moment Gor was attracted to her. She was looking at him in a very pretty way, playing with her black hair. He didn’t even hear what she said. Her striking beauty silenced his heart. Kim came a little closer.

“Shall we play a game?”

“What?” Gor asked, still staring at her eyes.

“It’s a puzzle.” She kept a small chit she was holding in a fist on his palm and covered it with his other hand.

“Check it out when I leave.” She then left, whistling and humming. Gor couldn’t take his eyes off her. She looked back and motioned for him to look at the chit.

Gor opened the chit. ‘Anthurium flower’ was written on the chit. There was only one anthurium plant in the whole school and it was in Gor’s class. He came back to the class running. He looked at the anthurium pot. There was a white chit popped out of the soil. Gor picked the chit.

‘Lev Boisovian’ was written on the chit. Gor looked at the bookshelf in the classroom with a smile. Lev Boisovian was the founder of the Boisov college, and his biography was available in each class. He opened the book to find another chit under the cover. ‘Basement’ was written on it.

The Revenge

I have already told you that Boisov college was a cement factory before the fall of Soviet Russia. And it was turned into a primary college after the independence of Armenia. ‘The basement’ referred to in the chit was fully abandoned because it was actually located underground. The basement hadn’t been used in ages, and later several rooms were used to store unnecessary items in the school. Anyway, the basement was a strictly prohibited area for children to enter.

The basement entrance was a small door at the end of the first floor. Usually, this door was locked with a padlock. He was a little nervous, but curious at the same time to reach the end of the puzzle. He slowly walked to the basement entrance.

Gor came to the first floor and walked to the end. There were only a few rooms used by janitors, and they were cleaning the classrooms during the interval. He walked up to the basement door and stopped. Even though the door was locked before, someone must have opened it now. Gor entered through the half open door. There was a staircase leading to the basement and Gor slowly went down. There were some lights on in the basement, and not much else.

“Kim...” Gor called out softly. His voice echoed throughout the room. Suddenly he heard a laugh and walked forward.

Then he heard another. This time it was closer. So he walked a bit more.

Again he heard the laugh. That was Kim for sure . He recognized it and called her name again.

“Kim…”

“I’m here,” the answer came from a closed room just beside him. He slowly opened the door. The room was full of cobwebs, as it had been closed for a long time. The light bulb in the room gave off a very pale light. Half of the room was filled with broken chairs and desks. Kim was sitting on a small chair in the middle of the class.

“G..o…r…” her voice was very romantic. Like a song.

Then Suddenly - At once Gor couldn’t see anything. Someone came from behind and covered his head with a dirty black cloth. He could feel the dirty, moldy smell of it. Someone with big hands had wrapped the dirty cloth around Gor’s face so he couldn’t see anything.

That was Danny. Gor struggled to get rid of the cloth and fell on the ground. Greg came running and tied his hands together with a belt so he couldn’t move them. Danny’s big hands were still tightly wrapped around Gor’s neck and head. While holding his head, Danny got up on Gor’s body, pushed him to the ground so Greg could tie his hands easily. Once Greg’s job was done Danny pushed Gor to the middle of the class, made him sit on a small chair. Then he removed the black cloth from his head. Gor opened his eyes.

“Leave me alone!” he screamed. But he was already tied to the chair so Gor couldn’t move a bit. Danny ripped off a strip of black cloth and tied it around Gor’s mouth. Gor kept screaming but the voice didn’t come out. His face and neck had turned red. Tears were flowing from his eyes.

Winsy, who had been covered in the darkness so far stepped forward and came to Gor. He had Gor’s school bag in his hand.

He dragged a chair over and sat on it with the bag. Then he opened his lunch box and took the remaining toast out. He put it down on the filthy floor and stepped on it. Then he picked it up again, removed the cloth from Gor’s mouth, and pressed the dirty toast to the poor boy’s mouth forcefully. Gor screamed.

“Tie it back. Tie it tighter!” shouted Danny from behind; so Winsy wrapped the cloth again and tied it with the toast in Gor’s mouth.

The dusty toast in Gor’s mouth started to sink down his throat. Winsy threw the empty lunch box to Greg and he smashed it with his feet. Then Winsy took the books from the bag and threw them to Kim. She tore the books into pieces and dumped them on Gor’s head.

“Gor, you made a huge mistake betraying me. No one in Boisov has done such a thing to me. I’d never let them do it again if they did,” said Winsy, and threw the empty bag into a corner of the room.

“Let’s cut his hair,” Greg took a pair of scissors out of his pocket.

“That’s great. I’ll do that, ``Kim said, snatching the scissors.

Gor screamed nonstop but nobody could hear him. It is very doubtful that his voice even left the room. Only a groan came out because of the cloth in his mouth.

Kim cut Gor’s hair with the scissors, and in a moment the golden hair was all over the room. After cutting all the hair Kim started to cut his shirt. Winsy, Danny, and Greg started to laugh. Their laughs echoed in the room.

“Where is the thing?” Winsy asked Greg.

“I have it,” was the answer.

“Bring it.”

Greg went out of the room and came back with an old, discolored, dirty looking bucket. He came to the door and called Danny. Danny went and helped him lift the bucket on either side. They kept it near Gor. They grabbed a pole from the corner and mixed the liquid well in the bucket.

“Gor, do you know the meaning of the name Winsy?” Gor avoided looking at Winsy and the liquid in the bucket.

Then he fell down with the chair itself. Danny came and lifted the chair with the boy. Gor had never been in a situation like this; even though Meera warned him that these four were evil, he'd never imagined they would punish him like this.

"Let me go!" Gor struggled again. He knew what was about to happen. They were going to pour that liquid in the bucket on him. Gor was terrified, and started to fight harder.

"Gor, you never answered my question." Winsy dragged him by his torn shirt and asked, "Do you know the meaning of my name?"

"No. You don't know. If you knew, you would never have betrayed me to Ruzana," Winsy whispered to his ear.

"Winsy means revenge," he said; and poured black paint on Gor. He was covered in back all over. Gor shouted his lungs out but nothing happened. Nobody came to his rescue. Then Winsy leaned in and said in his ear, "This is just the paint. But if you complain about this to anyone, then next time it will be much, much worse. Remember that"

Gor closed his eyes. He was covered in black paint. He heard Winsy, Danny, Greg, and Kim leaving the room. He kept his eyes closed until Kim's whistle faded. He heard the door closing in the hall. Then they locked it. He used all the strength remaining and screamed. With the shock and the pain everything went black. He fainted.

Gor opened his heavy eyelids to splotches of red and black. He felt as if the whole room was spinning around him. He opened his eyes and looked around. All he could see was the darkness and the red and black light. Gor couldn't move. He was on a bed and was being carried by the hospital staff. His whole body felt stiff and sticky. He tried to lift his hand and it was all black. His skin was killing him; he felt a burning sensation under the dried paint.

Gor had been found, unconscious, almost five hours after the meeting with the Four Devils.

When Gor didn't return home after school, Emily came to the school looking for him. After complaining to the principal, she went back to all his friends' and neighbors' places and came back to school when she got no news anywhere. Since hours had passed since school ended, the principal asked all the staff to search for Gor throughout the whole school. After searching everywhere, they couldn't find him, so they went to the police station.

One of the oldest staff members, Daniel, had an idea to check the locked basement. So, he led police to the basement. There they found Gor, lying unconscious.

Emily rode in the ambulance with him to the hospital. He was given anesthetics, and after an hour of work, doctors were able to remove the dried paint. His skin was red and raw underneath. After removing the paint, Gor underwent a full body checkup. The doctors were able to confirm that he was not harmed, other than the mental torture. The allowed him to go home after 24 hours in the hospital.

Gor had more disgust in his mind for Winsy and the gang than fear. He never imagined they would go this far for revenge. But the damage was done; they had to be punished.

The Ajapnyak police started to make inquiries about the incident that same day. They took the statements from the principal and the

staff, and were waiting for Gor's statement.

The Statement

Alex Dekordy came to the hospital to take a statement from Gor, who was lying on the hospital bed when he arrived. Emily was sitting on a small chair beside him. Alex first talked to the doctor of the ward and took a report of Gor's health and came to talk to the boy.

"Mrs. Emily, can I take a statement from Gor?" He asked very humbly, removing his hat.

Emily looked at Gor. He sat on the bed, ready to tell it all. Emily was not happy with this; the one responsible for her son's condition should be punished for sure. But if they waited a bit more to take a statement, she would be happy.

"Mr. Alex, we are taking Gor home in the evening. Is it possible to do this tomorrow? Because this incident took place yesterday, it will be a nightmare for him to talk about it soon."

Alex looked at Gor. He smiled at the police officer. Alex knew that the boy was willing to give a statement, with that smile.

"Look! Mrs. Emily, your son is ready to talk. He is willing to give a statement," Alex said with a smile. "Look, you don't have to worry. My son is studying at the same college, in the same class as Gor. My name is Alex Dekordy. I'm the father of Winsy Dekordy."

Gor's eyes widened at that. He knew that Winsy's father was a police officer, but he never thought he would come to take a

statement from him.

“So Gor should feel comfortable talking with a friend’s father, right?”

Gor was stunned.

He didn’t reveal anything to the police officer that day. Nothing at all. Instead he said he went to the basement and fainted there and when he came to consciousness he was in the hospital.

It didn’t take long for Alex to understand that Gor was lying. He knew it in the first minute. But he was not sure why. Alex was very curious to find out what really happened since Gor’s statement was completely useless.

After being tortured like this, Gor was hiding it for some reason. Alex wanted to find that reason. He nodded to Emily and Gor, and left. Before leaving, Alex whispered something in Emily’s ear.

“Mrs. Emily, your son is hiding something.”

Gor didn’t hear what he said, but from the look his mother gave him, he knew that Winsy’s father had recognized that he was lying.

After Alex left Emily came and sat on the bed.

“I told the truth,” Gor said, even before he was asked.

Emily was looking at her son's eyes. What he’d said was more than enough for Emily to know that he was indeed lying. But she didn’t want to push it now. The truth would come forward in a few days.

“I know,” she said, covering Gor with the white robe.

“I also know that one day you’ll tell me the actual truth...”

After the incident time passed in a very lazy way. Gor was granted a few days’ leave from the school. The principal must have

thought it better to give him a few days because of the incident.

Since Gor had fully recovered within the first few days, Emily decided to leave Arzumanyan for the rest of the break. Ararat's parents lived in Bern, Switzerland in a small village called Zollikofen. So Emily decided to travel to Zollikofen in the coming week, to help Gor forget everything.

So she wrote a letter to the Boisov principal.

Dear Mr. Eric,

I'm grateful that you have granted a few days' leave for Gor. I have decided to take Gor to Zollikofen, Switzerland to visit his grandparents. If our return is late, I apologies.

Also: I hope that by the time we return you and the police will be able to catch whoever is responsible for what happened. I regret to inform you that otherwise I will have to complain to the higher authorities as the victim's mother.

Emily

Emily read the letter several times. It sounded more like a warning than a friendly letter, she thought; she didn't want to change it. It had to be like that. Someone had hurt her son, seriously. She knew that if they hadn't found Gor that night, he could have ended up dead. This was a decision about his life. So whoever was responsible should be punished for sure. If the principal or the police couldn't do that, then she needed to take it to child services. 'There was no doubt about it,' thought Emily. She then took a deep breath, to collect the energy to do that.

That evening she went and put the letter in the school post box. Then she called Arzumanyan air ticketing centre and booked two

tickets for Burne.

G o h a

Emily's mother came to the gate with them as they left. She hugged them and said goodbye, and waited until the cab was out of sight. Even though she was not feeling normal, she let Emily take Gor to Zollikofen in the hopes that it would help Gor to forget what happened at Boisov. Gor was hanging out the car window and looking at grandma's shadow fading away.

On that flight, a wonderful and mysterious thing happened, changing this story drastically.

The flight had been in the air for about an hour. Since it was night, all the lights were switched off and only the video of the route was playing. Gor was sitting in a window seat and Emily was next to him.

"You are fifteen thousand feets above the ground. We will reach the Bern International airport in 3 hours and 45 minutes," the video announced.

Gor was looking out the window, and after a while he stood up and started to stare out. Emily noticed this change; he stared for a few minutes.

Emily thought he must have seen something outside so she didn't worry about it at first but then inquired about it.

“What are you looking at?” She asked, making him sit again, and looked out the window. But she couldn’t see anything other than the darkness. After a while Emily leaned back and closed her eyes.

After some time, she checked again to see what Gor was up to. His head was turned towards the window. She thought he must have fallen asleep and pulled the window cover down. But at once Gor pulled it back up. Emily was surprised.

“I thought you had fallen asleep, son.”

Gor didn’t say anything, but he was looking out the window. Emily felt anxious. The whole flight was dark, other than the small light of the tv screens here and there. So she turned on the small light above the seat. After that she could see Gor’s face clearly.

She noticed that his eyes were wide open and he was looking at something outside the window. She checked again to see if she had missed anything, but there was nothing other than the impenetrable darkness.

What was Gor looking at? She was curious to know. She tried to communicate with him but he didn’t respond. He just sat there, staring.

After a while Gor started to whisper. Emily thought he was talking to her, but no! He was talking to the window. She tried to listen to him, but she couldn’t understand what he was saying. His whisper turned into a conversation. Emily was frightened. She pulled the window cover down. Gor tried to pull it up but she didn’t let him.

“Gor, you are scaring me. Try to have a nap now. The plane will touch down in a while,” she scolded him.

It was dawn when the plane landed in Bern. Ararat’s parents had come to the airport from Zollikofen to pick them up. Ararat’s mother, Nansy, was an ordinary-sized person like Ararat, but his father was twice her height and had very broad shoulders.

Gor called Ararat's mother 'Nansy granny,' and he was very close with them. When Gor saw Nansy granny and Simon he ran to them and hugged them.

Autumn had begun, and the morning was a little cold. They reached Zollikofen after a two hour ride. As soon as they got home Gor ran to the outside pond. Simon had built this fish pond especially for Gor. There were a few small salmon' fish. Gor ran his finger here and there in the pond and watched as the fish gathered around it.

"Gor, there is a new fish in there. Guess which one it is," Simon said, kneeling down near the boy.

Gor started to check all the fish carefully, until he noticed the small goldfish in the corner.

"Aha! Goldfish!" He looked at it with an open mouth.

Simon looked at Gor and smiled.

"You have to name him, alright?" he said to the boy.

Gor thought for a second and he said "*You* name him."

Simon was surprised. Gor was talking to the opposite side. But since there was no one but him he thought the boy must have asked him.

"Then, we will call him…." Simon said with a laugh.

But Gor turned to him at once and, "I didn't ask you."

Then again he turned to the opposite side and waited for a moment.

"Gusta?" "Do you like that name Grandpa?" he turned back and asked.

Simon was looking at the spot Gor had been talking to, but there

was nobody to be seen.

“Gusta? It’s a human name. It doesn’t suit a fish. But if you really like it, we will call the goldfish Gusta.

“Yes, I like it. *She* likes it too” Gor said. Simon thought he meant the goldfish.

“Okay then. Gusta it is,” Simon said, hugging the boy. “My little champion,” he said, kissing the boy on his forehead. Gor reminded Simon of Ararat, and he silently shed a tear for his late son. The tear fell into the pond and vanished.

Gor was looking at Gusta, swimming around the pond.

Nansy made Armenian dolma that night. Everyone gathered around the table, said grace, and started to eat. Emily was sitting face to face with Gor, and Simon and Nansy were sitting on the opposite side, face to face.

Dolma was a very special dish; Gor served himself and the empty plate at the seat next to him.

“*Eat,*” he said to the empty chair. Simon and Nansy looked at each other.

“What are you doing?” Emily scolded him.

Gor said nothing. Instead he kept looking at the dolma on the other plate while finishing his.

Nansy and Simon laughed, Emily joined them and laughed too. But Gor didn’t even look at them.

Nansy and Simon’s house was a very tall boxed-type house, like the majority of Bern. Zollikofen was very small, but a very attractive and beautiful place. All the houses were built in a similar

way, on a similar line, and very neatly.

Emily's husband Ararat was born in Bern, but after his marriage he moved to Armenia, where his ancestors lived; and to his father's farm in Dilijan.

"Don't you think it is a good idea to move to Zollikofen with Gor?" asked Nansy, arranging the room for them.

"My mother is not too well. I was anxious about having to leave her in Yerevan and come right now..."

"If Gor moved here, we could send him to Zollikofen college. There aren't evil people to torture a childlike that here."

Emily was not offended by Nansy's words, because she knew how much she loved Gor. Ararat's parents loved him as much as she did.

"Besides, the police are investigating. They will be able to find out who is responsible in a week or so." Emily looked at Gor playing with Simon in the living room. She could see them clearly from the bedroom.

"Gor knows everything. But he doesn't reveal it for some reason. He wouldn't say anything to the police when they asked," whispered Emily.

"Maybe they have scared the poor child," Nansy suggested.

Emily smiled.

"Gor is innocent, but not afraid like that. There is definitely something fishy."

Nansy looked at Gor in the living room and smiled.

"Maybe. Ararat was similar when he was a child," Nansy smiled and said. But after that both women were silent for a moment. They both were lost in different memories of Ararat.

Travelling put Emily to sleep quickly. Gor came to bed after playing with Simon until late, and Emily didn't move at his coming. She was in a deep sleep. But in the middle of the night she was up, hearing a voice, from behind. She got up at once and looked back.

Gor was sitting on the small bed in which he was supposed to be sleeping, and was talking to the wall beside him. He was talking as if someone was standing in front of him for real. Emily rubbed her eyes and looked back, but there was no one near the white wall. She switched on the bedside lamp to check. Gor turned, looked at his mother.

"Gor, what are you doing?" Emily asked.

Gor turned back to the wall, his face faded with disappointment.

"Nothing," he said, and laid down on the bed.

Emily switched off the lamp and was looking at the wall for a moment. She was suddenly scared for Gor. She felt something was wrong. Most of all she was afraid for his life, because she couldn't figure out the mysterious events happening around him.

Goldfish

Simon was cleaning the garden next morning. He noticed that his pet cat was looking at him and the pond from time to time. His cat "*Fre"* was a very sensitive one. "This cat can understand a lot more than a human," Nansy said once.

Even though there were a number of fish in the outside pond, the cat never harmed them. But sitting near the pond and watching fish swim was one of his main duties of the day.

Fre watched the fish like this for hours some days. But when he looked at Simon, he felt as if his gray eyes were asking a question.

So he walked up to the pond. The new goldfish that Simon had bought for Gor was floating in the pond, lifeless.

How can only one fish die when the rest of them were totally fine? But there was no answer.

If something had been mixed in with the water in the pond then it should have affected all the fish in the pond. Simon put his hand in the pond and took the goldfish out.

Emily got up, but Gor was still asleep. She noticed that the front door was open and stepped outside. Simon was still sitting near the pond.

"What are you doing, father?"

Simon got up, holding the dead fish in his hand.

"This goldfish is dead. It's strange," he said.

"*Fre* must have done something," she answered, looking at the cat.

"No, *Fre* never harms the fish in the pond. This freaks me out,"

said Simon.

“Is Gor still asleep?”

“Yes father.”

“Poor boy. I bought this goldfish for him. He even named it Gusta. He will be very upset if he sees it dead...”

Gusta; that name took Emily years back. After Ararat’s death she had heard this name from the police officers during their investigations. She remembered this name because it was an English and Russian mix. ‘*Gusta and his friends who, broke out of prison, killed Ararat, then shot Emily, and escaped’* was the final report from police. Emily suddenly got an uneasy feeling remembering Gusta.

“Bury it somewhere,” she said with a shivering voice, and went inside. Simon saw she was annoyed but couldn’t figure out why. Was it him, or the dead fish? Or maybe something else.

All morning Emily was tortured by the name *Gusta*. She was tired of the bad memories. But she was constantly going back ten years in her mind. Her heart was filled with a disgusting and unpleasant feeling.

She remembered the last night she spent with Ararat, and how she heard the gunshot and walked outside in the night. She was sitting in the armchair outside, reminiscing.

Simon buried the goldfish in the corner of the garden and sat on the step to the house. He looked at Emily several times, but she didn’t talk. After some time Gor woke up and came outside.

Simon thought of breaking the news to the boy. If he found out himself he would be even more upset.

“Son, do you remember that goldfish?” Simon asked, looking at

Gor.

“Yes. It’s dead now,” Gor answered.

Simon was shocked. His eyes opened wide.

“How do you know it’s dead?”

“I know,” Gor said.

“But, how?” Asked Simon very curiously.

“That’s none of your business, grandpa. I just know!” Gor shouted in a severe way.

Emily heard the exchange from afar and came running.

“Gor, did you kill the goldfish?” She asked loudly.

“What are you saying? Gor is not such a child,” said Simon, surprised.

“didn’t kill it. *She* did,” Gor whispered.

“Who is *she*?” Emily grabbed Gor’s hand tightly and pulled him closer. Her grasp was so tight Gor started to cry.

“It hurts,” he said in tears.

“Who is she?” Emily asked again.

Gor wrenched his hand from his mother’s and ran to the house. He didn’t come out of the room the whole day. He didn’t play. Even Simon tried to talk to him several times; he didn’t talk. So Simon came out of Gor’s room, upset each time.

F e a r

Most of the Yerevan newspapers had reported that an eight year old boy had been physically harassed in Boisov college, and a police investigation was being conducted. Police had spoken with several students in Boisov college to gather more information about it. Even though the police talked to Gor's classmates, they were unable to find anything suspicious.

There was some gossip spread around Arzumanyan street. Meera's mother kept her from school for a few days, and some other parents did the same. Since this was a slap for the reputation of Boisov college, the Principal, Mr. Eric, forced the police and provincial council to investigate and provide a report as soon as possible.

Mr. Eric made a strong statement in the school's morning announcements on a daily basis after the incident, because there shouldn't have been such acts of violence in a school. He especially mentioned that there would be no forgiveness for whoever was responsible for this, and they would be caught after the investigations. Other students in the school started to feel fear as the rumor circulated for a few days. Some even discussed secretly with each other and tried to find whoever did this to Gor.

But Winsy's name was not attached to any of these questions. Many students suspected Danny, since he was the villain of the school. Winsy was scared after the incident. He stopped meeting with Danny, Greg, and Kim. He said, "It's good to stay away, for everyone."

If he met with them, students would figure out that he was involved too. He especially avoided meeting Danny. He thought meeting Danny would not be appropriate, because of the situation. Every student hated Danny because he was always involved in disputes. Therefore, Winsy feared that he would be affiliated with Gor's incident.

Even Greg, Danny, and Kim were scared. They didn't imagine this would be such a serious case when they did it. They just wanted to scare Gor, they didn't imagine this would put Gor's life in danger, or the news would spread like this. They certainly never thought this would go all the way to the police.

When things took such an unexpected turn, Winsy feared that this would come out of the mouth of one of the four. Because of this suspicion he called Greg, Kim, and Danny to the canteen during the interval.

Winsy was seated at a corner table in the canteen and after a while Kim, Greg, and the 'Japanese face' joined him.

"Winsy, police questioned everyone in the class today. Even me," Kim said as soon as she came. Unlike before, she had removed her heavy makeup.

"Police questioned our class too," Greg added.

He put on a tough face in front of those three, but Winsy was shivering inside.

"Only the four of us know this. We can't let this get out, alright?" he finally started to talk. Winsy didn't believe the other three, except himself. The situation could get worse in the future. If so, there was a chance that someone could change. Winsy kept his hand on the table.

"Do you agree? No one else can hear this, for no reason. Only the four of us," he said, looking at his partners around him sternly.

"I agree." Danny kept his twice-as-big hand on top of Winsy's. Kim and Greg followed him.

All four of them stared at each other for a moment, as if to make

sure that their oath was nothing but the truth.

U n b o r n C h i l d

That evening was still and quiet. But the night, something happened in Emily's heart while she was asleep. Emily was nosy about Gor, even in sleep, because of the nonsense he'd been up to last night. She was very careful about his movements, and from time to time she checked to see if everything was alright.

Suddenly, Emily heard Gor's voice in the middle of the night, just like the night before. She turned to his side very slowly; she had been expecting this. She wanted to see exactly what he was doing, so she opened her eyes halfway, carefully, and looked.

Gor was staring at the wall a few feet away from the bed. The distance between him and the wall was less than two feet. She saw that he was looking directly at the wall and was talking. Even though she couldn't understand what he was saying, he seemed to be having a full conversation. His movements and pronunciation were as normal as ever. Emily looked at the wall. She looked so carefully to see if there was even a shadow, but no! There was nothing. She noticed some pencil marks on the wall, like a drawing.

She couldn't see what it was exactly in the light of the night lamp. So she switched on the light. Gor suddenly turned and looked at her. He was staring at her for a moment like he was waiting for her to say something.

"Gor," she said. "What are you doing? Who are you talking to?"

Like before, he came back to bed and settled in without saying

anything.

Because the room was illuminated now, she went to the wall and checked out the drawing. It was a portrait of a child. She looked more carefully. It was a girl. Her hair was long and she was wearing a frock. The girl had a round face like Gor...

He must have drawn it in the dark.

Gor was lying on the bed with his back to her. Emily laid down on his bed beside him. Then she started massaging his head and hugging him. She removed the pencil he was still holding from his hand and rubbed his hand softly. His palm was blackened with the graphite of the pencil. Emily wiped it away.

“Gor, who were you talking to?” She asked very softly. Gor turned to her and looked her directly in the eye. His blue eyes were glowing. Gor hugged her tightly and tried to sleep.

“Gor, tell mom. Who were you talking to?’

“No one,” Gor whispered.

His eyes were almost closed, so Emily knew he was going to fall asleep in no time. If he slept, then she wouldn’t know what was going on. Gor had avoided answering this question on the previous day, and even on the plane. He was going to do the same thing today. Maybe he was doing it on purpose. But there should be a reason behind that...

Children often make promises to each other. And when they make a promise, they never break that promise. They have that strength in their hearts. If Gor had made such a promise he would never let this out. Emily recalled how many secrets she kept when she was younger. So she asked the same question in a different way.

“Did she tell you not to tell me?” She started rubbing his head again. “She won’t be upset at you for telling me. I’m your mother.”

Gor opened his eyes. Emily kept quiet and gave him time to think.

She was certain that her guess was true.

“She said not to tell anyone.”

“Not even mom?”

“No.”

“There! She won’t be upset about telling me then. Who is she?”

“My friend.”

“You don’t have friends in Zollikofen, son. All your friends are in Yerevan.”

“No. She is my friend, she said she’s coming to Yerevan with me, too.”

Emily’s heart was filled with an unclear fear.

“How can she come to Yerevan?” She asked

“Don’t know. But she can...” Gor closed his eyes and hugged her tightly.

“Were you talking to her on the plane?”

“Mmmm…” Gor answered, half asleep.

After a while Gor fell into a deep sleep. Emily looked at the boy in her embrace with a kind and timid look. She didn’t know what was happening to her son. She couldn’t understand the things around him. But whatever was going on, it was dragging him into something dangerous. She feared that something mysterious was happening around her son, and his life was in danger. Her eyes welled up with tears and her lips quivered. She was determined to protect her only son.

The next day, she discussed whatever was happening around Gor with Simon and Nansy. After listening to what happened on the plane, and what he’d done and said the last two nights, Simon and

Nansy decided that the best thing to do would be to consult a doctor; they believed that Gor had undergone some kind of mental change.

Since Simon was not aware of Gusta earlier, he was very curious to hear about him. When Emily revealed the connection between Gusta and Ararat's death, they all sighed, thinking about the past.

Nansy cried, saying how many times she invited Ararat to come and settle in Zollikofen; if he had only listened to her, none of this would ever have happened.

Emily decided to go to Yerevan as soon as possible. She promised to get advice from a doctor at Arzumanyan hospital, where Gor was already registered, as soon as she got back to Yerevan. She kindly refused Simon's offer to take Gor to a doctor in Zollikofen and complete the holiday. She booked a flight back to Yerevan as soon as she could get it.

"Son, you should come and visit us again soon." Simon hugged Gor at the airport.

"No. Next time, you will be visiting me," Gor said at once.

"How do you know that for sure?"

"My friend told me."

"Okay, then we will come to visit you." Simon rubbed his head, smiling, and looked at Emily quizzically.

"Please take the child to a doctor as soon as you land in Yerevan. If facilities are not available there, bring him back here. We will take him to the best doctor here," Simon said, hugging Emily goodbye.

M e e r a

Ms. Ruzana gestured to Meera to come to her while the other students were doing their exercises. Meera walked over to her.

The police had been unsuccessful in the investigation regarding Gor's abuse. But because of the scandal, the school Principal Mr. Eric had advised all the teachers to keep an eye out for any new information. Ms. Ruzana had a great responsibility, being Gor's teacher. She called Meera for this reason, hoping she might have earned more trust than the police officers.

This was an issue that needed to be addressed very carefully. Questioning younger children needed to be done with great restraint.

"Meera, you are Gor's best friend, right?"

"Yes," Meera answered.

"Is Gor at home now?"

"No. He has gone somewhere with his mother."

"Do you know who took him to the basement?"

Meera shook her head.

"Did you ask Gor?"

"No," Meera shook her head again.

Ms. Ruzana wanted to make sure the girl was telling the truth, so she repeated the question, looking deeply in Meera's eyes as if to grab all the feelings she had.

"No," was the answer again. Ms. Ruzana was sure Meera knew nothing about the incident.

Either nobody knew the truth about the event, or everyone was

hiding it for some reason. Meera looked at Winsy out of the corner of her eye. He was sitting in the back of the class, and was looking at Meera very carefully.

Meera had a doubt about Winsy. But she couldn't complain about him without being certain about it. Ms. Ruzana noticed Meera peeking at Winsy, and looked at him. They caught eyes and he looked back down.

"Was it Winsy?" She whispered in Meera's ear.

But Meera didn't answer. She remembered how she warned Gor after seeing Winsy and the gang meeting up in the canteen. But she had a question: if Winsy was responsible, then Gor would have told the police. So why didn't he? She couldn't tell anyone else about this without talking to Gor first.

Ms. Ruzana let Meera go once she was sure that Meera didn't know anything.

Meera was walking to her seat when Winsy stretched his leg out and tripped her. Ms. Ruzana came and picked Meera up. She had scratched up one of her knees. Meera was furious, but she knew she couldn't do anything to Winsy without risking punishment like Gor's.

T h e S i c k n e s s

As soon as they landed in Yerevan Emily took Gor to the Ajapnyak provincial hospital. She consulted a doctor called Hovanisyan from the psychology department. The doctor let Emily sit outside and took Gor into his office, where he had the boy sit in a small chair. The doctor talked with Gor for about half an hour. Then he returned to the office and talked to Emily.

“Mrs. Emily, I’m not sure there’s anything wrong with Gor. But with all the information you’ve given, I think he is living in an imaginary world. You have to learn about this from the boy himself.”

“What should I do?” Emily asked helplessly.

“Since the boy is still young, the best thing is to take him to a child psychologist. I know one, she is the best in Yerevan. I’ll give you her contact number. You can take Gor to see her.”

“I’m sure she’ll be able to help Gor,” he said while writing a number down for Emily:

‘Eva Mkrtchyan

Child psychologist

Yerevan general hospital.’

Emily pulled up to the Hospital on Halabyan street, admiring the fall colors in the trees lining the streets.

Emily looked at Gor in the front seat; he kept his head hanging out the window. He was deep in thought, his chin on the car window. Emily turned her car toward Arzumanyan street.

Emily had just turned up the road toward the house when she saw Meera sitting in front of her house and stopped the car. Gor got down, ran to Meera and sat beside her. He was happy to see Meera after so long. But Meera’s face was dark and sullen. Gor looked at her for a minute.

“Meera, why are you so sad? Did mother blame you?” Asked Emily.

“No,” Meera answered.

“So...?”

Meera lifted her head up, showing her skinned knee.

“Mom, Meera had fallen!” Gor saw the scratch mark and shouted.

“I didn’t fall. He made me fall,” Meera sighed. Her words were filled with sadness.

“Who made you fall?”

“Winsy.”

Gor’s peaceful look faded as he heard Winsy’s name. He didn’t talk at all, but was looking at Meera’s knee sadly.

“Who is Winsy? Is he a naughty one?”

Meera nodded to say yes.

“Is he in the same class as you?”

“Yes,” Meera nodded again.

Gor got up. Then he turned to the car and started to walk toward it without saying anything. Emily knew that Gor was heartbroken for Meera. She leaned and kissed Meera on the head.

“Go inside, Meera. Your knee will be better by tomorrow.” Then she turned to leave.

By the time Emily reached the car Gor was already in the seat, still looking at Meera. When she started the car, Gor didn’t move. Emily was looking at Meera sitting in the same place through her side mirror. As soon as she stopped the car at home, Gor got down,

slammed the door shut, and ran to the house.

Emily realised Gor was angry for some reason. Then something clicked in her mind. Winsy… she had heard that name before. But where? Then she remembered--the hospital.

She remembered Alex Dekordy, the Ajapnyak police chief, and he had mentioned the name Winsy Dekordy, his son. Gor was ready and happy to give the statement before learning that the police officer was Winsy's father.

She stopped the car in the garden and ran to Meera's house. Meera was sitting in the same spot. When Meera saw Emily running to her she widened her eyes and whispered 'Aunty Emily,' with fear in her voice.

"Meera," Emily sat next to the girl.

"Is Winsy bad?" She asked Meera.

"Yes," Meera answered without thinking twice.

"Was he the one who tortured Gor in the basement?"

Meera thought for a second.

"Winsy made me fall. I don't know who did that to Gor, though." She looked down at her knee.

Considering all the incidents in the hospital, Emily really felt that Winsy was somehow connected, but she was not sure how.

Meera not knowing anything meant Gor had kept the whole story to himself. He was the only person who could know everything that had happened.

A Mystical Force

That night wasn't easy for anyone. The temperature dropped in the evening and there was a heavy rain, which is common for the Armenian "fall". Emily's mother fell prey to the usual seasonal cold. Her condition worsened during this time, and she soon began to weaken. Emily was really worried about her; She spent the whole evening in her mother's room, nursing her, and as the rain began, she closed the doors and went into her room. She wanted some time to herself. She took one of her favorite book, 'Human Comedy' by the famous author William Saroyan.

Meanwhile Gor came running and got into her bed.

"Mom, can we play?" He asked.

"Not now baby, I'm reading a book. You go and play."

Gor's face faded, and he didn't respond. Instead he sat at the foot of her bed and started to play with his wooden horse. Emily checked on him from time to time, flipping the pages really, more than reading the book.

Gor pushed the horse into the corner, and the horse automatically turned back and started to come towards him. Gor laughed and again pushed it there, and the horse turned back and came to Gor again!

Emily was shocked, and pulled her legs closer, eyes wide open.

Gor pushed the horse back, and this time it stopped halfway. He stopped, watching it, when suddenly it shot back toward him. Emily shrieked, pulling him out of the way.

She took the horse in her hand, checked its wheels, and pushed it forward and waited. But the horse didn't move again.

"She doesn't play with you," Gor said.

“Who?”

“Goha”

“Who is Goha?”

“Why momma, you don’t remember? We were together in your tummy,” Gor said, his eyes shining brightly.

As he said so, she stiffened.

She had never talked about her miscarriage with Gor. There was no way anyone else had told him about that. Her blood ran cold, and her mind filled with panic.

“Gor, who told you about that?”

“Goha. She told me everything.”

A crash of thunder boomed at once and shook the whole house. Suddenly the lights went out.

The room was pitch dark, with an occasional flash of lightning to illuminate. Emily hugged Gor. And then! She saw a shadow in the corner of the room. She had flashes of her whole body being torn apart. She got goosebumps and her breathing stopped.

There was a little girl. She was sitting where Gor had been playing with the horse. The girl’s face was turned to Emily, but she couldn’t see her face in the darkness. With the lightning Emily clearly saw her shape.

“Goha,” Gor whispered in Emily’s ear. But it wasn’t his voice; it was a little girl’s.

Emily’s throat was dry, her whole body was still. Her scream stuck in her throat. She grabbed Gor and jumped out of the bed, but her legs were weak. She could feel them buckling, and instead of running out she collapsed to the floor with Gor in her arms.

Suddenly the lights came back on. Emily was on the floor, Gor had

fallen too and he tried to get up. Emily looked up at the bed and there was nothing. The shadow she'd seen earlier was gone.

Everything that had happened last night was like a nightmare in Emily's mind. She tried to forget everything...

Last night she saw that mysterious, horrifying image. She was sure of what she saw, so she started to believe whatever Gor said.

Emily recalled having a miscarriage on the same day as Ararat's death, and how she had collapsed in a pool of blood. She felt a disturbance and provenance in her stomach after a week of being discharged from the hospital and finding out about the twins she'd had.

She started to think about that again and again. Emily didn't want to, but she couldn't stop. With that, she started getting a headache as she was laying on the couch hugging Gor. She knew that she was under a lot of stress, and it got worse as she thought about her mother's condition and this mysterious force Gor referred to as 'Goha.'

She looked at her son, sleeping peacefully in her embrace. How could she explain to an eight year old boy about death, and the occult forces that can reach you after?

On the other hand, what if it was one of her twins? The baby she lost?

Her heart was empty, tears were flowing down her cheeks. What if that baby had been born with Gor? What if Ararat had lived? Her life would be beautiful.

'Goha,' she remembered the name.

"We will name her Goha if it's a girl."

"If it's a boy then Gor."

How could an unborn embryo know all this?

All this was a big puzzle. She had already named her. She had already attributed the name Goha to her. Most of all, that's a girl. She never imagined she would have twins.

Ararat always wanted a girl. He even named her 'Goha' without knowing that Emily was pregnant with twins. Everything could have been great, if not for that fateful night.

If so, Goha would be alive too, just like Gor. Ararat would have the girl he'd always wanted.

She looked at Gor again. He was still sleeping. She rubbed his head. After everything that had happened he was the only treasure she had. She couldn't let anything happen to him at any cost.

While thinking about all this, Emily had just one question. Goha died eight years ago. If she was alive, then she would be the same age as Gor. She had suddenly emerged after so long.

But why?

Was she here to harm Gor? Or for some other reason?

Emily's heart was pounding with anxiety. She was unhappy because of the tiring night and the morning. Emily decided to call the number the doctor in Ajapnyak had given her.

E v a

Emily talked to the psychiatrist and told her all the details of Gor's situation. She described Gor's behavioral change, and her dead child.

The doctor advised Emily to bring Gor to meet with her that same evening after listening to the story carefully.

"This should be Gor," the doctor looked at him kindly and smiled. She had short black hair and her round face was full of smiles.

Gor smiled at her. She talked to Gor and Emily for a few minutes and asked the nurse to take him to the child room. Gor left with her.

Eva looked at Emily, who was staring right back at her.

"How long has it been since Gor started to change?"

"About six days. I first noticed him talking to himself on the plane when we were flying to Switzerland. Then in Bern he started to talk frequently.

"Okay then, let's start talking to the child."

"It is very difficult to come to a conclusion in cases like this Ms. Emily. This is a little bit of a complicated case. Most of the children who come here have mental disabilities. But looking at the details, I can't see anything wrong with Gor. But first I will talk to Gor and then we'll see what we can do for him." The doctor got up with the file in her hand.

She walked down a corridor in the hospital basement. Then they walked into a hall, with a separate room adjoining.

This room was painted white and was full of toys for children to

play with. One of the walls in this room was a two way mirror, for the doctor to observe the children. Gor was playing with a nurse in the room.

“You stay here, Ms. Emily,” said the doctor, and pressed a switch in the side wall. This let them hear every sound in the room. Emily could hear whatever Gor was talking about with the nurse very softly, but clearly.

Emily sat in a chair in front of the room.

“One more thing, Ms. Emily, don’t come into the room for any reason. You can hear whatever is going on from here.”

The doctor went to the room and the nurse came out.

The doctor sat near Gor on the floor and emptied the building blocks bag he was holding.

“Gor, do you know how to play ‘Jenga’?”

“No.”

She then sat next to him.

“This is how you play it. You have to keep these blocks three in a row, on top of each other until you finish all. If one falls then you lose the game, okay?” She said with a friendly smile.

“Okay,” said Gor.

“Okay, then let’s start,” said the doctor, and kept the first block. As they were playing Gor seemed interested in the game. He was totally into the game, and Eva was waiting for the right moment to start a conversation.

The Ghost

“Have you played this game before son?” She asked when Gor was fully concentrated on the game.

“No.”

“So what is your favorite game?”

“Chess,” Gor thought a little and answered.

“What about Goha?”

“She doesn’t like chess,” Gor answered very calmly. Eva had expected him to get nervous at the question.

“Then what does she like?”

“She likes drawing.”

Emily, waiting outside, remembered the drawing on the wall the other day. Even though he erased the drawing from the wall next morning she could remember it very clearly. It was a sketch of a little girl.

“Is Goha your friend?”

“No. She is my baby sister.”

“Sister?” Eva asked, surprised.

“Yes. She was with me in mother’s tummy,”

He replied without hesitation. Emily’s heart was full listening to this. She had tears in her eyes and was staring at the room.

“Who told you that?”

“Goha.”

“How does she talk to you, Gor?”

“Just like you talk to me.”

Eva smiled as Gor answered. She looked at the mirror in front of her. Even though she couldn’t see from inside she knew that Emily was looking at them. Even that answer brought a smile to tearful Emily.

But that smile faded quickly for some reason. Suddenly a siren started to play from the speaker. It was quiet at first, but grew louder. Emily looked around to ask someone what was happening, but she couldn’t see anyone.

“So when does Goha talk to you, Gor?”

“All the time.”

“All the time?” Eva repeated, surprised.

“Yes,” Gor said.

“Even now?”

Gor looked up at Eva and smiled. “Yes.”

Eva was shocked at this answer. She looked around the room, but couldn’t see even a shadow. Emily heard the question and the Gor’s answer clearly but the shrieking sound from the speaker interfered.

“Gor, there is nobody in this room but you and me.”

“There is,” Gor replied steadily.

As Gor said so, the light in the small room went off and came back again. Emily was looking at the room. She was certain that something was about to happen. She tried to run to the room but again remembered what doctor said, and sat back down.

At once, all the blocks they'd been building fell off and Eva felt that something was about to happen.

She scooted closer to Gor and asked, "where is Goha?"

With her question, all the lights went out in the room.

"Behind you," Gor whispered in Eva's ear. As she turned back she saw a black shadow over her shoulder and jumped.

Eva tried to get up and run but then she tripped over a building block and fell. Emily saw her fall and ran to the door.

"Gor, open the door. Open the door!" she shouted, banging on the door.

As she was shouting and banging the door with both hands, she noticed a shadow walking toward the door. Suddenly the door glass was covered with a smoky mist. After a second, some letters appeared on the glass: "**Gusta**." Emily was horrified; she went to the door and tried to open it, but with no luck. She was screaming and shouting for help.

"Gor, open the door!" she shouted again and again.

The lights came back suddenly and Gor came out of the opened door. She hugged him tightly and peeked in to the room.

Doctor Eva was lying unconscious on the floor.

Emily was hopeless. She sat, holding Gor, watching a nurse help

Eva get back up.

Another nurse covered her with a blanket and checked her eyes with a small torch. Eva looked at Emily, who was sitting in a distant room and nodded her head negatively as if to sign that she couldn't help Gor. Then she left with the nurses.

Emily listened to their fading footsteps and hugged Gor more tightly. No matter who else left Gor, she would stay with him. She held him close and kissed him.

"Grandma…" he whispered.

T h e M i r a c l e

The sky was heavy with dark clouds. The autumn rains were starting to fall again.

She ran straight into the house, to find her mother lying on her bed, gasping for breath.

"Mom....mom," she called out in a groaning voice. Mareeta didn't respond. Her eyes were open and aimed at the ceiling. They looked weak and lifeless. Her mouth was open, letting out a low, dying sound.

Emily knew that her mother was taking her final breath, and in no time her soul would be released. She was out of ideas, so she scrambled for the phone and called the Ajapnyak hospital.

While she was making the call, she saw Gor walking into her mother's room. She tried to sign to him to stay away, but the call was answered at the same time, distracting her from doing so.

She hung up after confirming an ambulance was on the way. She turned back to go to her mother's room but suddenly she saw something in the living room mirror. She could clearly see the garden and the porch in the mirror. She saw the car she stopped a moment ago and there was a shadow inside the car. She looked carefully. That was Gor! He was looking at the house through the closed window.

She then remembered that she had never unlocked the door for Gor to get out. Emily ran to the car and opened the door.

"Gor, don't go to grandma's room. Stay in the living room," she said, and suddenly something kicked in that took her breath away.

If Gor was still in the car, then who walked into mother's room?

She collected all the strength she had and took a deep breath. Then she ran to her mother's room as fast as she could.

The light was on and she inspected the room meticulously. Everything seemed alright, but her mother's awful groan had stopped. There was silence in the room. Emily slowly sat on her mother's bed, and she opened her eyes. Mareeta's eyes were lively, unlike before.

"Daughter," she called Emily.

Emily was shocked. Her mother was dying just a few minutes before. She couldn't believe what she was seeing.

She got up and sat on the bed. She was stronger than ever before, more fit and lively. She looked over Emily's shoulder and smiled. Emily looked back. Gor was standing near the door.

“Gor, come here my son,” Mareeta called out.

Gor came closer to her and she hugged him.

Emily didn’t remember that she had called the hospital until she heard the siren.

She went outside; the ambulance came fast and stopped near the gate. Two nurses got down and came inside the gate. If she turned them away now, they would think she was a liar. On the other hand, they would blame her for wasting their time. So she silently walked into her mother's room with them. Mareeta widened her eyes when she saw the nurses and looked at Emily.

“Mother’s sickness got worse a while ago, so I called an ambulance,” she said.

Emily was still surprised. She couldn’t understand how her mother got so strong after being so sick before.

The nurses checked Mareeta and turned to Emily with a doubtful look.

“Ms. Emily, you said your mother was very sick.”

“Yes, she was.”

“But your mother is totally fine,” said the nurse, and checked Mareeta’s heartbeat. They couldn’t find anything wrong, so they gathered their things and started to leave.

“Your mother is totally fine. Ms. Emily, please make sure you call responsibly next time. We could have used our time to attend to a real patient.”

“When was I dying?” Mareeta asked.

“Before the ambulance got here. You were very sick. Don’t you remember?” Emily asked.

“No,” Mareeta said.

The Season of Sickness

Autumn in Yerevan was commonly known as the season of sickness.

Even though golden leaves in the trees made the environment beautiful, cold and hot mixed weather, Hours-long heavy rains, and the unbearable cold wind spread various diseases easily. That night Emily was not feeling well. She was tired from all the shocks of the last few days. She took a long, hot bath that evening, leaving her feeling fresh and comfortable.

Gor went into the steamy bathroom as she came out, and stood in front of the foggy mirror. He looked at his face and drew a circle around his face, eyes, nose, and mouth. He kept his finger on the mirror to draw some hair.

Suddenly, his finger ran through the mirror and drew long hair instead.

Gor looked at the mirror. The steam was gone. His face was the same but his hair looked like a girl’s. That hair was a bit longer than his shoulders.

“Goha,” he whispered at the drawing.

At once, the drawing smiled at him. He looked at the mirror for a moment.

Emily dried her hair and came to check on Gor. She frequently

checked on him because of everything happening. She wanted to see what he was up to since he had been a few minutes in the bathroom.

“Gor,” she knocked on the closed door and then kept her ear to it.

The door opened and Gor was standing near the door with a brush in his mouth.

“What, mom?”

“Nothing,” she said, peeking into the bathroom as she looked, the drawing in the mirror vanished. Gor was still looking at her.

“Finish brushing and go to your room soon,” she said before leaving.

She went into her mother’s room. Mareeta was reading a book on the bed. She’d worked for the ‘Hye News’ paper in Yerevan for many years. She had been awarded many times until she retired. All those certificates were framed and hung on her walls. There was one big book shelf in a corner of the room, full of her favorite books. The shelf was full of books written by great Armanian authors like Raafi, Abovian, Balkiyan, Sevak. She also had a collection of Russian author’s books like Pushkin, Gorki, Dostoevsky and Chekhov.

Emily came into the room and sat on her mother’s bed.

“Don’t you remember anything that happened today, mom?”

Mareeta removed her spectacles and looked at Emily. She was confused, as Emily asked the same question that afternoon. Even though she accepted that she was sick for days, she was not sure that it had been serious.

According to Emily, Mareeta was dying in the afternoon but she didn’t remember anything.

“No, Emily. Why are you asking about it so much?”

“Nothing, mom.” Emily stopped what she was going to say. Mareeta set the book aside and grabbed Emily’s hand. Emily knew her mother did this when she was certain that Emily was hiding something.

“Mom, you asked why I called an ambulance.”

“Yes. You said my condition got worse,” Mareeta said.

“Yes, but you don’t remember what happened.”

“What happened?”

“You were so sick, mom. I have never seen anyone that serious. I thought.....”

“You thought I was going to die, didn’t you?”

Emily’s eyes were full of tears. Mareeta took her hand again.

“You couldn’t even talk, mom. Your eyes were open and you were groaning. I thought something had happened to you. That’s why I called the ambulance.

“But when I came back to the room you were better. Like you got a new life. It’s so magical. Nobody would believe if they’d seen you like that.”

Mareeta smiled. But with that smile she had a mysterious look.

“You are right, Emily. I feel so alive. Like never before. I also feel like I got a new life…. But isn’t that great? Maybe God saved me. I praise Him for that,” Mareeta closed her eyes and said.

“It’s not God, mom. There is something happening in this house. I can feel it. This is more frightful. It’s like the silence before the storm. Something big is about to happen…” Emily kept her head on her mother's chest and started to cry. Mareeta hugged her tightly.

“What are you saying? What is happening in this house?”

Mareeta was confused. She couldn’t understand anything.

“Gor,” Emily whispered.

“What about him?” Mareeta asked curiously.

“He is different. There is someone with him.” Emily’s tears ran down her cheek and fell onto her silk night dress.

“What are you saying? What do you mean someone is with him?”

Mareeta lifted her head and looked at Emily.

“I saw her. Goha.”

“Who is Goha?” She was looking directly at Emily, her eyes filled with fear.

“Goha is the child I lost. She is here, talking with Gor. I saw her.”

Mareeta jumped up like a bullet. She was staring at Emily with her eyes wide open. Emily looked back at her mother with tearful eyes. Then she hardened up a bit and wiped her tears. She looked at her mother steadily and said “I saw Gor coming to your room while I was calling the ambulance. But it wasn’t Gor.”

Mareeta got goosebumps, her whole body got cold as ice. She was looking at Emily with her mouth open.

“Gor was in the car by then. It wasn’t Gor who came to see you.”

“Then?” Mareeta asked, shivering.

“Goha.”

Eric

Parents were gathered to collect children after school near the gate when Emily came to the Boisov college. They were all looking at Emily curiously as she walked in. Even though Emily didn't look at them, she heard them whispering to each other on her back. Since Arzumanyan was a short street, gossip spread fast.

As Emily was walking down the hall, a lady came from behind and blocked her way.

"Ms. Emily, I'm Anna."

"Hi Anna," Emily said.

The lady looked around and whispered to Emily.

"Ms. Emily, have you found out who beat Gor yet? I asked the police too. Even though a few weeks have passed, they still couldn't find a clue. What are you going to do about it?"

At once a person came in front and started to record them with a camera and Emily ran away. Anna came after her and stopped her.

"Who are you?" Emily asked.

"I'm from Yerevan news."

Emily started to run away again.

"Ms. Emily, can we interview you? We just talked to Mr. Eric, too." Anna came after her. Emily turned from the corridor and rushed to the principal's office.

"Hello, Ms. Emily. How is Gor now?" Mr. Eric asked as he saw Emily walking to his office.

Emily sat down on a chair in his office and was looking at him very disappointedly without saying anything. Mr. Eric understood the reason behind her disappointment and started to talk on his behalf.

“Look, Ms. Emily! After we hand over the case to police we don’t hold any responsibility for the incident. Police investigations are still going on. This is a huge disgrace to our college.”

Emily’s anger doubled with this statement.

“Are you only worried about the disgrace? Then what about my son? I don’t know what has happened to my son, he is talking to himself, and doctors can’t find what’s wrong with him. This all started after the incident in *your* basement.”

Mr. Eric silently listened to Emily.

“I’m going to complain about this to the Yerevan crime branch. Then newspapers will try to find more about your school,” she said in a threatening way as she got up.

Mr. Eric removed the huge spectacles he was wearing and got up.

“Ms. Emily, you have to understand, such events take place in schools. Children are tempted to do such things out of rage. That is an ordinary.”

“If they killed my son that day, then would you still say it’s an ordinary thing, Mr. Eric?”

Emily asked bravely. She was a woman with a strong heart. Especially in a case involving their children, mothers have the courage to do whatever they feel right.

Since all the troubles that happened to Gor started just after the incident in the basement, Emily strongly believed that there was a connection between the event in the basement and all the problems with Gor.

After all, she believed Goha came back because of that incident.

Emily had never seen such a rapid change in Gor in eight years. So there should be a unclear connection between Goha's return and the harassment to Gor in the basement. That scared her the most.

Emily didn't stay there long. She got the idea that it was useless talking to the principal about this anymore. She was furious for not being able to find the culprits, even after weeks.

"Ms. Emily, please think again. If you complain to the crime branch this problem will be dragged out forever," the principal said.

"There's nothing to think about, Mr. Eric. That is what I'm going to do exactly," Emily replied, then closed the door and walked out.

Emily had come to school to discuss with the principal in a friendly way, and arrange a date for Gor to start school again. But the things that happened once she stepped into the school had annoyed her to the fullest. The principal's insensitivity about the incident just made it worse. She stepped out of the school, determined to never send Gor to Boisov college until she could find the culprit who did this to Gor with her own eyes. Everything should end well soon. She hoped that much.

The Basement

No night is still. A lot of inhumane and creepy things happen at night.

Only a few tall lights around the grounds were on during the night at Boisov college. Mr. Steven, the night watchman for Boisov college, walked down the corridor, checking all the dark corners. He had a huge collection of keys that he was holding on his waist that jangled melodiously as he walked. Steven had been working as the night watchman for the college for a very long time. His main duty was to not allow anyone to enter the school premises at night without permission. He was a perfectionist at his job.

Steven heard footsteps down the corridor. He stopped walking and listened carefully; the sound came from the front. He slowly walked towards the sound. He walked, listening, and after a while he stopped and aimed his torch to the door on the right, the entrance to the basement.

The sound came from behind the door. Steven kept his ear to the wood to see if someone was really in there. He clearly heard someone running in the basement. Those steps were not heavy. So surely it would be a child's steps. He was terrified to think of a child stuck in the basement again.

The sound came again!

He hustled to open the door and ran down to the basement.

"Who is there?" He shouted as he ran down. But there was no response.

Steven tried to switch on the light but it didn't work. Then he heard

the steps again. The sound was much closer to him. He followed the steps.

Steven suddenly stopped in front of one of the rooms as he was following the steps. Even though the door was open there was a strip of caution tape across the door.

This was the room where Gor had been found.

Steven didn't try to enter the room since it was still under investigation. He checked the room from outside, holding the torch, but couldn't see anything suspicious so he turned back.

Then again! He heard the steps.

He was certain that the noise came from the nearby room, so he lifted the tape and entered. Then he held the torch and checked the whole room. But there was nobody there.

As he turned to run out of the room he saw someone standing behind him. He aimed the torch to the back at once. Winsy appeared from the solid darkness.

Everyone knew Winsy, even Steven.

"What are you doing here, Winsy?" Steven shouted.

Winsy started to scream at once and ran at the watchman. His scream was so loud and awful, Steven had to cover his ears.

The torch dropped to the ground and Steven started to run in the darkness. He was not sure where he was heading.

Steven ran for his life, falling down multiple times. He wanted to save himself from Winsy, who was following him, screaming evilly. He finally reached the stairs. Luckily the door was still open. He ran up and closed the door and locked it. With that he heard the steps behind him stop.

Whatever was following him was trapped in the basement. He ran to his office and called Alex Dekordy.

“Hello,” the call was answered.

“Mr. Dekordy.”

“Speaking,” Dekordy answered in a sleepy voice.

“Mr. Dekordy, Winsy is here in the school basement.”

Dekordy was so upset that he jumped up without even noticing. He checked the time on the small clock next to his bed; it was 1:30am.

“What?” He asked, shocked.

“Yes, Mr. Dekordy. I just saw your son Winsy in the basement.”

Dekordy dropped the phone and ran to winsy’s room. He carefully opened the door, to see Winsy peacefully sleeping in his bed.

The next day, Alex Dekordy met the night watchman at the school; he swore that he’d seen Winsy in the basement. But Alex didn’t believe him. He was sure that Winsy was in his bed last night. He thought that Steven must have surely been mistaken.

Alex Dekordy

Alex didn’t have a close connection with his son Winsy. Therefore he didn’t ask after the boy’s whereabouts much. But he couldn’t take the fact that the watchman was so sure he’d seen Winsy in the basement that night out of his mind. Even though Alex was certain that Winsy was on his bed that night, he couldn’t throw away the watchman’s statement at once.

Alex went home early that day and was waiting for Winsy to come home from school. When Winsy arrived his father was on the couch with a glass of whiskey in his hand. He silently watched as the boy went to his room upstairs.

Even though he wanted to talk to Winsy, he didn't. Every time he saw the boy his heart was filled with anger. He couldn't control it, even after so many years. His wife's death and Winsy's birth still haunted his heart. Therefore the anger he had towards Winsy never really faded away. It was not a burden for him maintaining the boy. But Winsy was really a burden to his mind.

Alex kept the glass aside and listened as Winsy closed his door. Even though he was to have a conversation with Winsy, he couldn't do it because of the agitation he had when he saw the boy. Therefore Alex left the house, got into his vehicle, and drove off.

D a n n y

The Ajapnyak streets were abandoned after nine at night in the winter time. But this was not relevant to Daniel Rise, 'Japanese face,' the disgraceful student from Boisov.

It was around 9:30 at night. Danny was cycling to Halabyan street through Tumo park in Ajapnyak.

Halabyan street was about 10 kilometers away from Arzumanyan. But that was not a problem for Danny. Every night he cycled through Tumo park, all over Halabyan and Arzumanyan street, and came home. This was a daily habit for him. While cycling he sometimes stopped at his friends' houses and chatted with them.

Danny was passing Halabyan street, empty except for the street

lamps. He was all alone. As he cycled forward the street lights started to go off one by one, and come back on as he passed. Danny was surprised at first, by the lights going on and off, but he was terrified as it continued. He switched on his tiny bike light and sped up.

He suddenly felt someone else's presence in the street. He looked back, and saw the shadow of a little girl following him. He was very certain of what he saw. Once he was sure that wasn't just a shadow his whole body was cold and started to cycle faster.

He cycled forward and looked back again. The girl was still behind him. How could this girl still follow him when he was cycling this fast? Danny's legs were exhausted. This was surely a ghost. He didn't see her face, but she looked about four feet tall. He was sweating heavily. His hands started to slip from the bike handle.

He held the handle with a great effort and cycled as fast as he could. Danny had heard about the ghosts in the lonely streets at night. This surely must be one of them. He looked back. This time, she was much closer to him. Even though he still couldn't see the face, her golden hair was glowing in the night. He clearly saw that she was directly looking at him while following him with a shadow-like body.

He was cycling so fast that he forgot about the crossroad at Arzumanyan street. He was so desperate to get away that he didn't notice the red light. He cycled through the intersection, only to be hit by an oncoming car.

The driver slammed on the brakes, but it was useless; Danny was cycling too fast. A young man got down from the car and looked at the boy who had fallen on the road. Danny's eyes were open and he was bleeding heavily from his head. The blood was all over the road. His limbs were twisted.

Danny was dead on the spot.

The young man panicked at the sight of the dead boy in a pool of

blood and screamed for help. But nobody came. Suddenly he saw a young boy standing on the sidewalk and looking at the dead body. But at the same time, a few people gathered and while his attention was focused on the people the boy was gone. He looked around but he couldn't find where he went.

The Image

Ajapnyak police reached the scene of the accident as soon as they got the news of the fatal accident. 34 year-old Riyenci was the driver. He was taken to the police for questioning.

The police checked the traffic camera from the intersection. It was very clear that Danny was riding his bicycle carelessly at a very fast pace, and then hit the car from the other side. His written statement was taken and sent to the chief of police Alex Dekordy for final permission to release.

Riyenci went into Dekordy's room. There was an officer standing with the case file in hand and another sergeant in the room. Alex asked the sergeant to remove the cuffs from the young man's hands and asked him to sit.

Riyenci was shocked after the disgusting accident and was scared, even though he was not guilty. Alex set a glass of water in front of him. Then he turned to his computer and checked the recording he had received from the investigators several times, carefully. He branded this accident as a tragic mistake on Danny's part, and signed the papers for Riyenci's release.

Riyenci finished the glass of water in one go and looked at the wall

behind the officer very carefully. Dekordy had some personal pictures pasted on his wall. One was a picture of Dekordy with his dead wife, and the other was him with his son Winsy.

Alex really didn't want to keep an image of Winsy in his office, but let it hang there anyway; for he didn't want his colleagues to know the estrangement he had with his son.

Riyenci stared at the picture for a moment, and when Alex noticed it he looked back at the picture and then leaned forward.

"Do you know anyone from those pictures?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"The boy," answered Riyenci, pointing his finger at Winsy.

Alex removed the picture from the wall and gave it to the young man in front, asking, "This one?" showing Winsy again.

This man must have seen Winsy somewhere. Winsy was very popular at Boisov and therefore Riyenci had seen him there, Alex thought.

"That's my son, Winsy. He studies at Boisov college. Do you have anyone who studies there as well?"

He asked, signing for the sergeant to release him.

Alex got up to leave, but Riyenci was still staring at Winsy's picture, looking terrified. When Riyenci saw that the police chief was looking at him, he looked up and said, "I didn't see this boy at Boisov college."

"Then?"

"At the accident. This boy was there."

Alex sank into his chair with that statement. He then opened the

computer screen again and watched the video in full screen. The sergeant and the other officer were standing, confused.

Alex turned the computer toward the man in front and let him see the video clearly.

“Where did you see him exactly?”

Riyenci looked at the screen for a second and then marked a spot with his finger.

“Here. Right here.”

It was about 50 metres from the accident. This place was very clearly captured on the record but there was nobody there.

“But there is no one here,” said the sergeant.

Riyenci said nothing but stared at the dungeon. The sergeant suggested Riyenci had lost his sense because of the terrible accident, and apologized to Dekordy for what happened.

“Go home and rest. Your distress will go away.” The sergeant took the man out of the office.

Dekordy took the picture on the table in his hand and sat on the chair. Then he remembered how the school watchman was certain that Winsy had been in the school basement that night. This young man was also so sure about what he said. He slumped down in his chair and tried to find a connection between everything.

C h r i s t i n a

Emily had filed a complaint with the Yerevan crime division. They appointed a young female officer named Christina Stepanyan for this case, since the Ajapnyak police couldn't come to a proper trial over Gor's incident, and because of Emily's complaint. Although it is not a serious offense to lock a juvenile in a room and beat him, the prosecution could seek the assistance of the Criminal Investigation Division to resolve a complaint that the police couldn't resolve under the law in Yerevan.

Christina came to meet Emily at home first. After discussing with Emily, she asked permission to meet Gor and talk to him. Emily took her to Gor's room. He was sitting at his small study table, drawing.

"Gor, this is Christina. She is here to ask you a few questions," said Emily, and left the room so they could talk.

Christina sat on a small chair next to Gor.

"Gor, how are you?"

"I'm fine," Gor answered.

Christina put her hand to her jacket pocket and switched on a voice recorder. She made sure that Gor didn't notice it. But understood from Gor's face that he knew what she'd done. So she took out the recorder and placed it on the table.

"Gor, I'm Christina."

Gor smiled. "Yes, I know. Mom said you are Christina," he said smiling. She smiled back and looked at Gor carefully.

Gor looked underaged, even though he was eight. His hair was grown a bit after shaving it to remove the paint. His golden locks

were gleaming in the sunlight.

“Gor, do you remember the last day you went to school?”

“Yes.”

“Who is your best friend?”

“Meera,” Gor answered.

“So, who dislikes you?”

Gor looked at her, but didn’t answer.

“Gor, look. When I was in school, I had friends. But there were some who disliked me. They used to harm me out of jealousy. You must know some kids like that, maybe they’re giving you a hard time too.”

Christina was waiting for Gor to say something.

“Such people tortured you on that day. They must have threatened you to be quiet. Didn’t they?”

But Gor was drawing silently. Christina began to understand that he was not too keen to talk.

“Are you silent because you are a coward?” She leaned in and whispered. She hoped that Gor would get angry and start talking, but he didn’t. It was a problem for her that Gor didn’t care about her questioning.

Finally, Christina took the recorder and switched it off. She put it back in her pocket and took a picture out of the file she had. She slid the photo in front of Gor. It was the first photo taken by police when Gor was found in the basement. There he was, lying in the dark basement covered in black paint. There was a cloth wrapped around his mouth and his hands were tied to the chair. Gor was looking at the picture Christina put on the table.

She took another picture out of the file, a close-up of the previous

picture and Gor's face was more visible.

"Look what they did to you. If the watchman didn't find you, you would have died that day,"

Christina said, but Gor was looking at the pictures without a word.

"Gor, if you keep quiet they will do this to someone else tomorrow. Maybe to a friend of yours. Maybe to Meera. Will you let that happen?"

Gor looked at Christina. Then he tried to say something, but something else captured his attention. He stopped what he was going to say and instead started his drawing again.

Emily entered the room with a cup of coffee on a tray. Christina grabbed the pictures, put them in the file and

"No, Ms. Emily, I have to go."

Emily knew that Gor hadn't revealed anything to her, and she looked at her, disappointed. Christina looked back at her and nodded to say her journey was in vain.

Emily really was disappointed. It showed in her face pretty clearly. She wanted to know who Gor was protecting by staying quiet, and wondered if they'd ever find out.

"Gor, I'm going. If you feel like talking then inform your mother. I will come back," Christina said, and tried to leave. She glanced at his drawing. It was a child standing on the edge of a tall building. She looked at the picture, and Emily, and left.

The news of Danny's death spread like wildfire in Arzumanyan street. Danny's mother was a Japanese woman and his father was

an Armenian. Investigations about Danny's death were closed the next day. The report declared his death an unfortunate accident. Yerevan news and other newspapers also reported about the accident.

Most children got upset when Danny's death was officially announced at Boisov college. After hearing the news, most parents gathered in front of the school. Winsy, Kim, and Greg were upset the most. They wouldn't have guessed Danny would die this soon.

Danny's funeral took place in the Yerevan cemetery and it was crowded with school children. During the funeral, Christina observed a few students from Boisov and even interviewed the watchman. Then she found out about the incident faced by the second watchman a few days back. Christina met Steven and talked about the event.

"Madam, I'm pretty sure about what I saw that day. That was Alex Dekordy's son."

Christina didn't remember who that was, but the name was familiar.

"Who is that?"

"He is the police chief."

"Oh! Alex Dekordy. I have heard," she whispered.

Steven also said that he called Alex Dekordy to inform him about this, but he didn't believe him.

"I swear. I know Winsy very well. He is an evil boy. I'm sure he was the one who pushed me in the basement."

He was talking continuously. A person who makes up a story can't talk like that. Christina was certain that he had seen Winsy.

At the same time, she called Alex Dekordy to ask about Steven's statement; he flatly rejected it. He said he could prove that Winsy was at home that night.

Gor's behaviour changed day by day. But Emily was not ready to take him to another psychiatrist. She feared they would declare him mentally ill and put him in the mental hospital.

Emily started to catch Gor talking to himself more frequently. Especially at night, he would talk alone for hours, sitting on the bed. Emily was up until he fell asleep. She often cried worrying about her only child. Every night was bitter for Emily.

G r e g

Greg came to school as usual on that day too. As you already know, Boisov college had been a cement factory at first. The students used two of the five floors for schooling, and the other three--along with the basement--were left empty.

Even though Boisov college was big enough to accommodate all the students in Ajapnyak, there were less than a thousand children in the school, leaving more than enough empty space within the building.

Most of the children used the canteen to eat lunch during the interval; some liked to gather in other places too. The empty floors of the school were some of those places. Some children went to the third and fourth floors in this building and spent time freely chatting with each other. But none of them went to the fifth floor, because there was a rumors from primary to senior class that the fifth floor was haunted, so everyone kept their distance. Greg remembered how Winsy said once that this rumors was spread by the senior class so they could use it as they wish. Winsy said that

senior students used to go to the fifth floor to smoke at the interval, so they spread this rumors to keep their secret. Anyway, there was always a watchman, so nobody entered it at other times but the interval.

Greg went into the third floor of the building at the interval. Arzumanyan street and all the tall buildings were visible from the third floor, and the scenery was eye-catching. Most children spent the interval in here because it was beautiful and free.

There were many rooms on each floor and a corridor connecting the rooms. Beyond the corridor was a short wall about four feet tall. Outside the wall was a gutter with a strip about a foot away.

Greg came to the wall and looked around. There were lots of children along the wall. Some were chatting and some were looking out over the wall. He checked for Winsy or Kim, but they weren't there.

Winsy purposely avoided them after what they did to Gor in the basement. He didn't speak with them, fearing that one of the gang members would reveal the secret. Greg felt as if the connection they had was fully gone after Danny's death. Kim never tried to talk with them either. Maybe she was shocked by Danny's death. Anyway, Greg thought that was the end of the gang of four.

Greg sat with his lunch box on the wall and started to eat the bread in it. Nobody around tried to talk to him. He was facing the consequences; they didn't care about anyone else when the gang had been active. Greg finished all the bread in the small lunch box and closed it up. Right away, he heard the bell indicating the interval was over.

All the children hurried and started to run to their classes. But Greg was not in a hurry. He calmly took his box and started to walk to the stairs, slowly. As he was about to go down the stairs he noticed one boy going to the upper floor. Usually everyone went down at

this time.

He stopped and looked carefully, only to recognize Winsy.

“Winsy!” Greg shouted.

But Winsy didn’t look back. He continued to go up the stairs. So Greg followed him. Even though Greg called his name several times, Winsy didn’t stop or turn back. Greg was surprised as Winsy continued to go to the fifth floor, passing the fourth.

Greg was sure that he saw Winsy. But he never went to the fifth floor after the interval. As he passed the fourth floor he heard the second bell. All the students were supposed to be in the class by the second bell. But Greg didn’t feel like leaving Winsy alone and going to class. Instead, he wanted to take Winsy and go. So Greg went to the fifth floor looking for him.

When he went to the fifth floor he saw Winsy standing near the wall. He went closer and put his hand on his shoulder.

“Winsy,” he said.

Winsy turned back. His eyes were all white, with no irises. Winsy grabbed Greg’s neck tightly. He dropped the lunch box and struggled to survive.

Winsy’s face started to change. All his veins turned black, even the very small veins were visible. His skin started to get dry and the flesh disappeared. His eyes rolled back in his head and the smoke came out and started to flow into Greg’s mouth.

As his neck was crushed, he urinated on the spot. His legs started to tremble. In a moment, Greg’s eyes started to change. His irises became white. Winsy disappeared. Greg fell down in the pool of urine.

Greg got up after a while. His eyes were completely white and he

was there, all alone. Slowly, he started to walk to the wall. He got up onto the wall and jumped to the gutter. He was standing there on the edge.

Suddenly children came out of classes screaming. All eyes were on Greg as he was standing on the edge of the fifth floor. Everyone watched, terrified. All the students in the school started to scream, looking up. A few seconds passed. But Greg didn't know what he was doing. His white eyes were just looking down.

"Jump," he heard from behind.

He jumped.

In less than a minute Greg was lying in a pool of blood.

T h e F i n g e r p r i n t

Yerevan was in turmoil over Greg's suicide. The video of him jumping off the building went viral through social media and therefore, the politicians in the area and various police officers came to Boisov college.

Parents were terrified and scrambled to take their children home. Police covered Greg's body with yellow caution tape and didn't let anyone come closer until they finished their initial investigations.

Greg's parents came running to the school after they heard the news, but were not allowed to go closer. They were mourning looking at the body. Teachers and police removed students from there and the principal announced that the college would be closed

until further notice.

Winsy and Kim were shocked seeing Greg's body in a pool of blood. Kim started to vomit, and Winsy nearly fainted.

At the next moment, police analysts began their work. They collected all the evidence and fingerprints from Greg's body and then allowed for the body to be removed from the scene.

When the body was taken to the morgue, doctors conducted a post-mortem examination. The crime division had appointed Christina for an investigation into the suicide. She was appointed because she was already heading another investigation at Boisov college.

The doctor had started the post-mortem when she arrived. Greg's body lay on a table. His knee boot had come out of the broken leg. His head was split open from the fall, too. Christina got scared after seeing the body in such a condition as she entered the room. She started to feel nauseated and went out of the room, covering her mouth with a hand.

"If you want, you can stay outside. I'll send the report," the doctor said once she returned to the room.

"It's okay, I'm fine," she said.

"I'm Christina Stepanyan" she introduced herself to the doctor in charge and switched on her recorder.

The doctor went around the body and checked the neck with a blue light. Christina noticed his face changing with the inspection. He turned the neck around and checked the other side with his blue light.

"Christina, this is a murder."

Christina leaned down as he said so and checked the neck with the

blue light to find some fingerprints on the neck.

“Someone had grabbed his neck before falling,” the doctor said.

“Can we get a report of these fingerprints, Doctor?”

“Sure,” he confirmed.

Kim went to Winsy’s house to meet him that evening. She ran to him and hugged him, her eyes welling up with tears.

“Winsy, both of them are gone.”

Winsy took her by hand and made her take a seat. Then he kneeled down near her and held her hand.

“Don’t worry, Kim. Everything will be alright.”

He had never seen Kim so emotional.

The hearts of people who show themselves strong to the world are often soft and tender. They become so emotional so easily. Kim had such a heart. Even though she did a number of evil things with Winsy and the gang, she was soft inside. She cried for a long time, hugging Winsy.

“Winsy, I’m worried about you. You are the only friend left for me. If I lose you then I’ll be all alone.”

Even though Kim said that emotionally, Winsy gave her a silly smile. Kim got angry and pushed him away.

“Kim, if something happened to you or me then surely this is a game to kill all four of us,” he said steadily.

Kim looked up at Winsy.

“Do you remember Andre?”

A boy called Andre was beaten by ‘the gang of four’ in an abandoned house on his way home from school. He had been hospitalised. Even though later Andre revealed he was beaten by Winsy and the gang, Alex Dekordy closed the case by dismissing the evidence. Therefore no one was punished.

“No. Can’t be Andre. He goes to a school in Komitas,” Winsy said.

“Is it Mary?” Asked Kim.

“Which Mary?”

“The one we pushed to the ground.”

“No, not Mary. She is just a girl. There is nobody to help her,” he rejected that too.

“What about the one with the golden hair?”

“Gor?”

“Yes. The one we poured paint on in the basement.”

“No, can’t be that small one. He even stopped coming to school.”

Both of them recalled all the evil things they’d done as a gang during the past few years, and tried to guess who was behind the deaths. Even though they discussed each and every cruel event, they couldn’t come to a conclusion.

They said goodbye that night and agreed to meet again soon.

The Evidence

Winsy woke up in the middle of the night. He remembered how Greg jumped from the building. He couldn't get back to sleep after that. He was thinking about Danny and Greg's death. He had a photo of them pasted on the wall. This photo was taken at the top of Mount Aragats last year. Winsy was standing on the mountain top with Kim, Danny, and Greg. His eyes were wet when he looked at Danny and Greg.

At once, the picture was illuminated by a light from outside. Winsy knew it was Alex's jeep, so he turned to the other side and pretended to sleep.

Most of the time, Alex punished Winsy to get revenge. He couldn't shake the thought that his wife was dead because of Winsy. But on that day, Alex Dekordy was worried, and feared for Winsy. He was worried because of the deaths of Winsy's two best friends. He also feared for the strange statements he got from defendants about him. He had a feeling that somehow, Winsy was also connected to this death streak. At the same time, he felt sorry for Winsy.

Alex Dekordy thought Winsy was asleep since it was midnight. So he came to his room and stood near the door. All the lights were out so he entered the room and sat on WInsy's bed. He hadn't sat on his bed for years. His heart was filled with father's love, instead of hatred. He wanted to rub Winsy's head but stopped himself. Alex looked at the picture on the wall. Two of them were gone now. He took a deep breath and stepped out of the room, without making a noise.

Christina was seated in her office, looking at Gor's photo taken in the basement. She felt like she'd missed something so she checked the photos again very carefully. Then her phone started to ring.

"Christina Stepanyan?"

"Yes."

"I'm from the fingerprint division. We found a 99% match for the fingerprints you sent. We are going to fax the report."

She got up in a hurry, put the phone down, and ran to the fax machine.

The fax machine started to whir.

First, the image of fingerprints came out, and then an image of the owner of the fingerprints came out with the name and address. Christina was staring at the fax without blinking. She had seen the person in the image so she read the name in front of it.

Winsy Dekordy

T h e S i n

‘If there is a force that punishes for sin, then it may punish kindly.’This is the mantra of all the sinners. They fear facing the same terrifying fate.

Some sinners make up their mind to a terrible death and some die screaming, suffering and asking for forgiveness. But the global truth is that all sinners should suffer for what they do. What goes around comes around.

“Kim, get up,” Kim’s mother Rosalin woke her up around 5 in the evening while getting ready to go to the nightclub. Kim spent all her time sleeping, since the school was closed. She woke Kim up and looked into the mirror in her room then took some lipstick out of her bag.

Kim looked at her mother applying lipstick and turned over to continue sleeping. But Rosalin dragged the bed sheet off of her so Kim had to get up.

“If you are going, then close the door and go... will you?” she said sleepily.

“Is this good?” Rosalin asked, showing off her dress. Her dress was a very long one, gathered around the neck. This blue and white dress was too big for her body. She was wearing a blue silky scarf around her neck.

“Nonsense,” Kim said

“Everything is nonsense for you but black.”

“Kim, if you are going to go out with boys then close the door and go. The door was open yesterday when I came home.”

Kim lay on her bed for a few minutes, when she received a message on her phone from Winsy.

“Will meet up at Luna cafe in an hour.”

She was excited after reading the message and ran to the bathroom. She got undressed to take a shower, only to find the water not running.

“What the?”

Sometimes the water supply was interrupted along Fuchik street where she lived, but each house was informed by phone prior to the interruption. She opened a tap in the wash basin but there was no water there, either. If the water supply was interrupted, the tank on the roof was supposed to connect automatically.She rotated the tap on the bathtub then in a moment she heard the water coming through the pipes. But as soon as she got into the tub the water stopped.

“What the hell?” She shook the tap furiously.

There was no reason for the tank on the roof to be empty, it should definitely be full. But maybe the valves connected to it were closed. If so, the water wouldn’t come until those valves were rotated manually.

wrapped up in her towel and went up the stairs to the roof. Her house was a two story building. On the top floor there was a big room that took up about half of the floor, and the other half was an open area. There were a table and some chairs around it and behind that was the water tank.

The tank was kept on a low concrete slab. All the valves were underneath. Kim came to the edge of the slab and looked at the sky. Kim was looking at the golden clouds for a moment and came to the tank. She then opened all four valves, one by one, and turned to go back down.

Suddenly she heard a whistling sound. She looked around to see

where the sound was coming from. Even though there were several houses in the vicinity she couldn't see anything. At once she remembered that she was only wearing the towel so she ran down the stairs. Then again she heard the whistling sound and it sounded louder and closer.

She turned back and looked at where the sound was coming from. The whistle was coming from the tank. Kim kept her ear to the valves and she could hear the whistling sound very softly.

Maybe that was the sound of the pipes filling with water. She walked to the tank and kept her ear on the body of the tank. Then the sound was clearer, and she was certain that the sound was coming from the tank.

There was an iron ladder going up to the lid of the tank that could easily be removed. Kim started to climb the ladder. As she went up, the whistling sound got louder, and slowly it became a very sweet and romantic tune. Kim was very curious to know what it was.

She climbed to the top of the tank and lifted the lid. It was filled with water and she couldn't see anything among the dark shadows. She was looking at her own image reflecting in the water. Suddenly her face in the water started to change. At once an ugly and cruel laugh came out of the face in the reflection, and the whistling sound turned into a crazy laugh. Kim got scared and tried to leave. But suddenly a force came through the water in the tank and pulled the girl in. As soon as she fell into the tank the lid fell shut with a bang.

T h e A r r e s t

Alex Dekordy had been working in police service more than two decades, but he had never seen a more brutal death. He was watching Greg's suicide video over his morning coffee. There were several videos of him jumping off the building, gone viral on social media. Some unkind students at Boisov must have recorded the death of a fellow student and released it to social media.

Alex was ready to go to work when Winsy came downstairs. Winsy said "good morning" and Alex greeted him back without even lifting his head. Then he closed the video and kept the phone aside while finishing his coffee.

A vehicle came and stopped in front of his house. Black fords were used mostly by the Yerevan crime division, so he was looking at the vehicle eagerly. A woman in her mid-thirties entered his garden with another young man. Winsy also noticed them and tried to go to open the door. But Alex stopped him, pushed him aside, and went to open the door.

"Mr. Dekordy, I'm Christina Stepanyan from the crime division," she introduced herself, showing him her ID badge. Then she looked at Winsy, who was standing behind his father.

Alex took her card, had a look of both sides, and returned it to her. The young man took a document out of the file he was holding and handed it to Dekordy.

"We are here to take Winsy Dekordy to custody for questioning."

With her statement, Winsy's face changed and he looked at his father, terrified. Alex read the document; it was a warrant to take Winsy into custody. The document further said that because Winsy's fingerprints were found on Greg's dead body, he was named as a suspect so he needed to be questioned. Alex moved from the door silently.

While Christina accompanied Winsy to the car, he stopped and looked back at his father. But his look was empty. Alex winked and nodded his head as if to tell his son that he would get him out soon. Winsy looked down and walked to the car.

As the car left, Alex called the head of the crime branch. He asked for help to release Winsy as soon as possible since he was not involved in this murder. “Alex, this is not an arrest. It’s just questioning. So once it’s done Winsy will be home,” they assured.

P o l y g r a p h

At dawn Rosalin closed the nightclub and came home. The main door was closed, but she got no response after knocking several times so she used the spare key she had to open it.

“Kim, where the hell have you been? Can’t you hear me knocking?” She entered the house shouting.

She went to the kitchen, took a bottle of wine out from a glass cabinet, and poured a glass for herself. Even though she was already drunk she had a habit of drinking a glass of wine as soon as she came home in the mornings. She sipped her drink and checked Kim's room, but Kim was gone.

Rosalin looked all over the house but she couldn’t find her. Then she dialed her number and Kim’s mobile phone started to ring inside her room. Rosalin walked in; her phone was ringing on the bed.

Kim never went anywhere without her mobile phone.

Winsy was taken to a youth detention center in Yerevan. The kids were kept in this house until their court cases.

Christina led Winsy along the corridor and came to the polygraph room. She went into the room first, came out in a few minutes, and asked the officer to take Winsy in. Winsy stepped into the room.

The room was small and square In the middle of the room was the polygraph machine and two chairs were kept on both sides of the machine. An old man in glasses was sitting on one of the chairs. As Winsy entered the room, he lowered his glasses, smiled, and asked Winsy to sit.

“What is your name, son?” He asked very kindly.

“Winsy.”

“I’m Richard,” said the old man, and wrapped Winsy’s hand with the belt that measured the blood pressure, and another belt around his chest to measure the heartbeat. Both these belts were connected to the polygraph machine.

He looked at Winsy and saw that he was scared.

“Don’t worry about these. These are like toys. Nothing happens to you from them.”

Winsy looked scared but was silent. Then Richard adjusted the machine and sat comfortably in his chair.

Then he looked at the machine and asked, “Are you Winsy Dekordy?”

“Yes.”

The needle on the polygraph machine started to run up and down as Winsy talked and drew lines on a paper. Richard checked the line and looked satisfied. Then he lowered his glasses and looked at Christina. She handed a file to him and he checked the document

for a moment while taking notes. Then he turned to Winsy.

“Okay, let’s start.” He looked at Winsy. Christina and the other officer were standing off to the side.

“You have to answer my questions with yes or no, alright?”

Winsy nodded.

“Winsy Dekordy studies at Boisov college?”

“Yes,” Winsy answered. The needle started to run with a sound and the paper came out of the machine a bit.

“Greg was your friend?”

“Yes.”

“Were you in school on the day of his death?”

“Yes.”

“Did you meet Greg on the day of his death?”

“No.”

Then Richard read the next few questions and looked at Winsy sharply.

“Winsy, these last two questions will be hard. Don’t worry, just say yes or no, okay?”

Winsy nodded again. His black eyes were ready to answer the next question.

“Were you there when Greg jumped off the building?”

“No,” Winsy answered without panicking, and the old man checked the paper in the machine and noted something on the document he had on his hand.

“Did you grab Greg’s neck on that day?”

“No.”

“Winsy, did you throw Greg from the building?”

Winsy suddenly understood the reason for his questioning. With that, he realized that he was a suspect for Greg’s death.

“No,” he answered steadily.

Richard again checked the paper; because Winsy had given the correct answer he put the right symbol in front of the question and handed the paper back to Christina.

She looked at the document. If Winsy was not there, then how did his fingerprints end up all over Greg’s neck?

She then remembered her other case and wrote a new question underneath and gave the document back to Richard. Richard read the questions and looked at Christina. She nodded to confirm.

“Son, we will finish with these two final questions.”

Winsy was not happy that Christina made him ask more questions.

“Do you know Gor?”

“Yes,” Winsy looked at Christina and answered.

“Did you beat him in the basement?”

Winsy was silent. He hesitated, although he answered all the other questions eagerly. Christina noticed his behavior. She knew from Winsy’s silence that she was right.

“Winsy Dekordy, did you beat Gor in the basement?” Richard repeated the question.

Winsy looked at Christina. He had a feeling she had trapped him. If he continued his silence, she would suspect him for sure. So he collected his strength and answered.

“No.”

The needle ran up and down fast and released the final report. Richard wrote the result on the document and handed it over to Christina.

After the polygraph test, Christina called the Yerevan crime division and asked permission to keep Winsy for further questioning.

Even though Winsy wasn't connected with Greg's death, he was responsible for Gor's case so she asked to keep him in custody for 24 more hours to take a statement.

T h e D i s a p p e a r a n c e

Rosalin waited for Kim to return until the next day. When she didn't come home, Rosalin made a missing person complaint to the police.

Christina was instructed to report to the chief of the crime division as soon as she finished Winsy's investigation. So she entered his office with the polygraph test report.

Alex Dekordy was already there chatting with the chief.

"Christina, this is Alex Dekordy. You know him right?"

"Yes I met him this morning," Christina said, handing over the polygraph test report.

"Mr. Alex, we have to keep Winsy for 24 more hours. According to the polygraph test, Winsy doesn't have a direct connection to Greg's death. But he has a connection to beating up a boy in his

school basement.

I can't tell you more about it because the investigations are still going on."

"Is this about Gor?"

"Yes. I handle Gor's case. So I have to ask Winsy a few more questions about it."

"Couldn't you do that at my house?"

"I'm sorry Mr. Alex. The best thing is to keep Winsy in custody. If we release him now he will take things easy. If he is in the same mental condition as now, then we will be able to get the truth from him. We don't have any other process to do this since Winsy is a juvenile. We have to do this very carefully. If he feels he can get out of this because he is your son, then we won't be able to close this case. Just like Arzumanyan police."

"Ms. Christina, with all due respect, Arzumanyan police have never covered any case. Even though Winsy is my son, if he is guilty of something then he should be punished for sure. Don't try to teach me my responsibility."

He then looked at the chief of the crime division and turned to leave.

"I will give you 24 hours to keep Winsy in custody. But if he's not home in 24 hours then I'll sue you."

He said to Christina, banged the door, and left.

"Just 24 hours. Find evidence or send the child home," said the chief as Alex left.

Christina went into her office and laid on the couch. She started to think about this, looking at the ceiling above. If she couldn't find any evidence within 24 hours then she had to send the boy

home. If so, he would come out of the mental condition he is in now and she would never be able to get a statement from him.

She started to compare all the information she'd received from the beginning to find a point.

At once, her phone beeped and she opened the message. It said that a complaint was made about a missing girl called Kim in Boisov college. Christina went to the computer and started to check the photos in the "Boisov" folder.

There were several photos of Winsy with three other children. They must surely be the 'gang of four' that every child talks about. She zoomed the photo and recognized Danny and Greg. If the girl with them was Kim, then this was definitely something connected to the Gang of Four. She called the officer who sent her the message and asked for a picture of Kim immediately.

She received a photo with a beep soon after. She was right. Kim was the girl in the photo.

Christina's head was spinning, when she suddenly noticed another photo in the folder: a picture of Greg standing on the edge of the fifth floor.

Then she remembered something. *The drawing*. Gor's drawing. Her heart started to race and her mind filled with fear. She picked up her jacket from the couch and came out of the office.

Christina went directly to Gor's house. Her official vehicle came fast and stopped near Emily's gate.

Both Gor and Emily were not at home by that time; Mareeta opened the door for Christina. She introduced herself to Mareeta and asked permission to check Gor's room for a moment.

She went into the room where she'd met Gor that day and came to the small table. There were some books kept neatly on the table and some other stationery useful for the studies. Christina opened each book carefully and looked for the drawing book Gor was using that day. She finally found the drawing book.

Christina started to go through the drawings one by one very carefully. Mareeta was standing near the door, looking surprised, but was silent.

There were lots of drawings of Gor and a girl holding hands, so Christina thought that must be his best friend Meera. As she was turning the pages she found a few more drawings that were done in black pencil lines, very unpleasantly.

One of them was four children standing around another child.

The next was a child cycling.

Then she found the drawing she was looking for. That was a child standing on the top of a tall building.

These drawings were not very clear since they were made with rough black lines, but Christina could understand them.

There were two more drawings. One was a girl standing on a black balloon kind of a thing.

The last one was a man. Christina guessed it should be a policeman, because of the star on his hat.

She tried to understand the drawing. A big black ball?

She assumed the first two drawings were of Danny and Greg. If that was right, then this girl on the big black ball should be Kim. Her mind was tangled with questions.

“I’m taking this book with me for investigations,” she said to Mareeta, and left with the book.

On the way Christina called her assistant and asked for Kim’s address. She received it in a message with a beep soon after. She turned her black ford to a nearby road and drove fast to Arzumanyan street.

Kim’s mother Rosalin was sitting on the couch when Christina arrived. When she introduced herself and said that she was here to do an investigation on Kim’s disappearance, Rosalin hugged her and started to cry. Christina comforted the crying lady and made her sit on the couch again.

“Can you show me Kim’s room?”

Rosalin pointed to the room in front of them so Christina entered the room. She scanned everything in the room. Kim’s clothes were in the cupboard and the clothes she was wearing that evening were on the bed.

“Was the front door open when you entered the house that day?”

“No. But the back door was.”

“Back door?”

“Yes.”

Rosalin took Christina through a narrow corridor and back to a small open area, and the stairs to the roof.

“Where does this go?” Christina asked Rosalin.

“To the roof. There is nothing. Just the balcony we use in the summer. We don’t use it these days.”

Christina started to climb the stairs and came up to the roof. There was a big table and some chairs in the middle, and there was the water tank off to the side. Christina got a chill when she saw the big black water tank.

She understood that the big black ball in Gor’s drawing was this water tank. Christina made Rosalin sit on a chair and started to climb the ladder to go to the water tank. This tank was a huge one, about five feet tall. She went up to the water tank and opened the lid. But the inside was very dark. So she took the torch on her waist and looked inside.

Suddenly she saw something terrible in the tank and was so shocked that she dropped the torch into the tank itself.

She was about to fall down but barely caught the edge of the ladder and stepped down. She felt dizzy so sat down on a concrete block and called the Arzumanyan police to come there as soon as possible.

Rosalin noticed her change, looked at Christina and the tank above, and started to mourn. Christina went to her and hugged her. She must have guessed what had happened, even though Christina didn’t tell her that Kim had drowned in the water tank.

Shortly after, the police recovered Kim’s naked body.

The Bitter Night

Have you ever experienced an extremely bitter night? This night will be no different.

Kim's naked body was taken to the morgue for further investigations.

Christina was driving to Masis. It was located in the corner of Yerevan, at the end of a narrow road. The prison house where Winsy was kept was in Masis.

She took Gor's drawing book and turned to the last page. His final drawing was of a police officer.

There were several policemen on duty in the prison house. Since the last victim should be Winsy, there could be a connection between the death and the policeman.

Masis streets were filled with the darkness of night. In a moment the breeze started to get colder and the sky was full of dark clouds.

Christina guessed that a rain was about to come down so she shut the windows in the car. As she thought, a rain came down with flashes of lightning in a short time.

A few more minutes passed; the rain started to get heavier. She was not very far from the prison house, but she thought to do something before reaching there and called the officer in charge of the prison house.

"Hello."

"Hello, I'm Christina. Don't let anyone go into Winsy Dekordy's room. Not even a policeman. I repeat, no one!"

She hardly completed her sentence when she suddenly saw a shadow standing in the middle of the road. The road was misty due to the heavy rain. The shadow was standing in the same lane as she was driving. When Christina saw that the shadow was actually a little girl she dropped the phone, grabbed the steering wheel, and

slammed on the brakes. The car lost control and hit a reed tree on the side of the road. Then the car spun twice before falling out of the street. Christina kicked the upside down car door and crawled out. She was bleeding from the head.

Christina walked back to the road to check on the girl she saw. But she couldn't find anything but the rain, the mist and the roaring in the sky.

Alex Dekordy was certain that Winsy's life was in danger when he heard the news of Kim's death.

Whatever had happened to his best friends was about to come looking for Winsy too. Even though Alex didn't love his son dearly, he still worried; that was his own flesh and blood.

Whenever he found evidence against him, he covered it up but punished Winsy at home. Therefore most of the complaints against the Gang of Four were thrown away with Alex Dekordy's interference, without a proper investigation.

Even if he tried to do the same in Gor's case, he was unsuccessful because of Emily's complaint to Yerevan. However when everyone around Winsy faced a brutal death, he was worried that finally it would come to Winsy too. Who wouldn't?

So Alex came to the prison house where Winsy was kept.

Alex stopped the car, covered his head with his jacket, and started to run to the gate of the prison house at the top of a hill. As Alex was climbing the stairs he saw a little girl coming down slowly. He stopped and looked carefully.

She came down the stairs slowly and looked at Alex very dearly.

She was soaking wet. Water dropped from her knitted hat. She was

wearing a small skirt and a brown knitted jacket.

“Where are you going darling?” He asked, covering her with his coat.

She didn’t answer and instead looked into his eyes. He was looking back at her eyes for a moment. Alex was enchanted by the charm in her blue eyes. Slowly her irises turned white. He tried to get up but she grabbed his neck tightly.

Alex’s legs became lifeless and he fell down. His nerves became black and started to come out of his face. His eyes sunk into his head. The girl whispered something into his ear while still grabbing his neck. She then loosened her grip as his eyes started to turn white.

Then the little girl disappeared.

Alex’s eyes returned to their normal color and he got up to his feet. He threw off his coat and took his gun out of the holster.

The police officer on guard saw Alex coming and didn’t let him in because of Christina’s order.

“Sir, I can’t let you in.”

Alex Dekordy looked at the policeman, full of rage, grabbed his neck, and shot him in the stomach. The policeman was killed on the spot.

Another policeman came out after hearing the shoot and Alex shot him too.

Alex Dekordy came in and started to go upstairs since Winsy was kept in a room on the upper floor. Another policeman came running and shot the police chief. Wounded Alex fell down the stairs but got up with a great effort and shot the policeman who shot him, while holding his bleeding chest with one hand.

The gunshots echoed in the prison house and juveniles in the rooms started to scream and bang on the doors. Alex entered the second floor. A woman was running down and stopped still, seeing the bloody man coming to her with a gun. Alex grabbed her by her hair and twisted her neck. The woman fell dead.

Alex went to Winsy's room and kicked the door down. Winsy saw his father entering the room and ran to hug him. Alex pushed him with one hand and Winsy hit the wall and fell down. He looked at his father, dumbfounded.

Alex threw the gun and got close to Winsy. His eyes started to change. His face got dry and the veins came out of his flesh. They turned black and started to fidget like worms. Alex grabbed Winsy's head with both hands and Winsy struggled to survive. He struggled until he wet himself. Winsy could hear his own neck bones cracking. Alex came closer and whispered, "Winsy means the one who takes revenge," in Winsy's own voice.

Winsy started to struggle hard with horror. Those were his words to Gor in the basement. He was terrified hearing his own words in his own voice. He tried to scream but couldn't. He was kicking both legs but wasn't able to move.

At once, Alex turned his head to the other side. His face turned to his back and his neck was broken with a sickening crack.

Winsy's lifeless body fell to the ground and everything was quiet.

Alex's face started to change, his eyes turned black again and he became normal. He saw Winsy's lifeless body and ran to him.

He hugged him tight and started to tap on his cheek.

"Winsy... my son.... Winsy."

But Winsy's neck was already broken and his eyes were filled with blood. Alex hugged Winsy and started to mourn.

“My son.... I killed him. I killed my own son.”

He didn’t know what happened. He didn’t remember how it happened, but it was all done now. He had killed his son with his own hands. He screamed his lungs out and wept.

Then he saw the gun on the floor. He left Winsy’s body, crawled over, and picked up the gun. Then he leaned against the wall. He looked at Winsy’s body and started to curse to himself. Then he put the gun to his mouth and pulled the trigger.

The Drawing Book

The one who came from hell doesn’t have mercy in the heart. Gohar had taken revenge on everyone responsible for Gor’s suffering by punishing them with a brutal death. That anger has no forgiveness, no mercy. Anyone guilty should pay for their sin. A beastly soul, a soul without compassion, can’t think about forgiveness.

All the newspapers reported that an insane police chief killed his own son and the other police officers in the prison house. Alex died a social incendiary. Some people raised a kind voice for Winsy.

Christina survived the accident that day. She considered it her second chance to catch this evil. She was looking for all the deadly shadows to fade away. She was still trying to solve the mystery of Greg’s, Danny’s, and Kim’s deaths.

A few days after Alex Dekordy’s massacre in the prison house, she

made a decision. There was a definite connection between Gor and the deaths. So she should trap him.

More than 10 deaths had taken place in a single month. In order to trap him, she needed to devise a very careful strategy. But that wouldn't be easy. She remembered the face of the little girl she saw in the middle of the road on the way to Masis. She'd hardly seen her face in the middle of foggy weather. But that face came to her mind each time she closed her eyes.

Gor's drawing book was still in Christina's car. She turned a few pages in it. She looked at them more carefully.

She drove to Gor's house on Arzumanyan street. Winsy's and Alex's deaths were all over the news.

Gor was home when she arrived, and he smiled at her very kindly. Christina looked at Gor like she looked at death. She bent down and looked into his eyes directly. At once she remembered the eyes of the girl she met on the road. Those eyes were identical to Gor's. She looked at him and forced a smile.

"Gor, Winsy died. You know that right?"

She whispered to his ear but soon stood up, seeing Emily coming out of the house.

"Ms. Emily, I came to meet Gor to inform him something."

"Yes, come inside," Emily invited.

Christina sat on the long couch in the living room and looked at Emily and Gor sitting in front of her.

"Gor, I found out who tortured you in the basement. But unfortunately none of them are alive now."

"Who were they?" Emily asked Christina.

“Winsy, Danny, Kim, and Greg.” Gor answered.

Emily looked at him surprised. Christina’s eyes shone and she came to him and kneeled near him.

“Why didn’t you tell us about them earlier, Gor?”

“She told me not to.”

“Who told you?”

Gor didn’t answer but Christina desperately wanted to know. All her investigations depended on it.

Christina took Gor’s drawing book out of her bag. She set it on his lap and looked at Emily.

“Ms. Emily, I took this book from Gor’s room. These are all his drawings. These drawings are very similar to the way Danny, Greg, and Kim died. If I present this to the crime division then they will arrest Gor as a suspect to their deaths.”

She turned back to Gor, kindly rubbed his head, held his hand and asked,

“Gor, tell me who did this. Who was she? Who made these drawings?”

Emily was looking at Gor. She had an instinct that *Goha* was connected to all this. Gor was an innocent boy. But Emily didn’t have the courage to reveal the truth. How could she prove to the police that a mysterious force did all of this?

If so, Gor would be connected to all of this too. Emily’s eyes became wet as she was looking at Gor. If he revealed about Gohar in the next minute then Christina will definitely arrest Gor for all these murders, too.

Christina was trying to find a point to connect Gor to these murders. If she found anything then she would follow that. If the connection between Gor and Goha came out then it would spread

like wildfire.

Christina waited eagerly to see how Gor fell into the trap she'd laid so carefully. She had planned to arrest him with the evidence in the drawing book, whether he revealed anything or not. She'd be able to make him confess once arrested. She was looking at him without blinking.

Gor looked at the drawing book on his lap and smiled.

"There is nothing in this book."

Christina took the book, turned the pages, but there was nothing. All the pages were empty. She saw all the drawings in the car on the way here. But it looked brand new. She looked at Gor, shocked.

Emily pulled Gor closer and hugged him. Tears were falling down on her cheeks. Gor was directly looking at Christina. His eyes changed. His eyes went back into his head and Christina got a feeling that someone else was looking at her through his eyes. She was terrified.

Four deaths had taken place like this. Arzumanyan street in the beautiful city of Yerevan was named as cursed by the devil. People were waiting to see if anyone else would be a victim to this curse.

The prison house on Masis hill was never used as a juvenile custody place again. The place was shifted somewhere far away.

Most parents stopped sending their children to Boisov college.

Meanwhile, the crime division charged Alex Dekordy for the deaths of the four Boisov students and branded him an insane, brutal murderer.

Disappointed, Christina was desperately looking for a lead to go after Gor. She was certain that Gor was behind all these unsolved mysteries, but she couldn't prove it.

After all the things that had happened, Emily decided to leave Arzumanyan street.There was a beautiful, small village surrounded by a mountain ring. The village was called Vanadzor.

Emily sold the house on Arzumanyan and bought a new house in Vanadzor.

They loaded everything in the house onto a lorry and followed it down the road. Emily was driving her old Benz and Gor was looking out of the window from the front seat while Mareeta was in the back. Vanadzor was two hours away from Yerevan.

They came to the White Mountains called Spitak. The village under the mountain was called the same.

Emily turned the car, following the signs to Vanadzor through Spitak. The snow banks on the Spitak mountains didn't melt, even during the summer. Therefore the mountains glowed snowy white

the whole year.

Emily stopped the car to look at the beautiful mountain.

The traffic light was about to turn green when suddenly, a russian Opel Jeep came and stopped next to their car. The window was open so Gor heard slight music coming from the Jeep and looked over at it.

A man with long blond hair was sitting in the car. He had a tattoo on his neck. Even though he was wearing a black jacket, Gor noticed tattoos on his hands and fingers.

He noticed Gor looking at him, so he turned and looked back. Then suddenly a voice came from behind that only Gor could hear, and said something so his eyes widened.

Then the signal turned green so Emily started to drive. The Jeep also went fast, passing the car, and turned to a side lane. Gor looked at the Jeep until it disappeared, then adjusted the small top mirror in the car to look at the back seat.

Mareeta was asleep, and there was a small girl with golden hair sitting next to her.

Gor looked at the girl. “Gusta,” she whispered, and her eyes were filled with tears. She was whispering that name over and over with a great pain, and looked at Gor. He kept a finger across his lips and signed to her to be quiet.

Emily saw him doing that and turned the mirror to her side. But she couldn’t see anyone beside her mother.

Benjra Gustavew, *Gusta*, was the man in the Jeep!

GOHA/R CHAPTER TWO

GUSTA

COMING SOON!

Muthumudalige Nissanka
(Pen name: Nissh.M)
Is a Sri Lankan Writer, Traveler and inspirationalist.

Goha/r is the first book of author, which is translated to English from native Sri Lankan language (Sinhala).

All other books written by Nissh. M.

1 - Gohar 01
2 - Gohar 02 Gustha (Sooner will be in English)
3 - Gohar 03 Meesha (Sooner will be in English)
4 - Po
5 - One day Night
6 - Baby (Sooner will be in English)
7 - Trinity (Sooner will be in English)
8 - Three Bombs
9 - Gikor (Translation)
10 - Hovhaness Tumanyan's Stories (Translation)
12 – HCH Tales (Translation)
13 – 50 Short Stories